Vol. CXLII. No. 1848.

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe MG do

THE BYSTANDER May 17, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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Restaurant Guide : Haskell on Ballet

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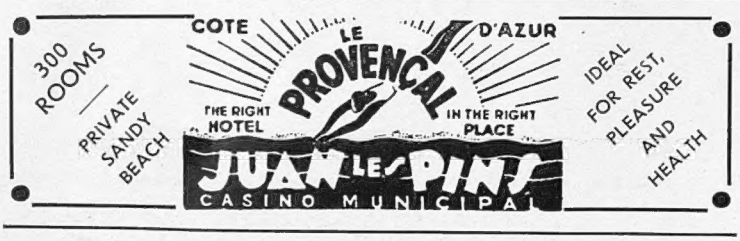
CONTINENTAL HOTELS



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CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued*

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GERMANY

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Bad Gastein.–Grand Hotel, Gasteinerhof.–Sunniest htl. 1st cl. 180 bedrooms. Pens. fr. R.M. 9.50. Pat. by Eng. Soc. Open in Winter.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel. 200 rooms. Thermal bath in hotel, garage. Pension from R.M. 10 up.

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Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms. 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M. 11.

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Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces. Bar, Orch., Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its hors-d'œuvre. Rms. fr. M. 5. Garage & pumps on premises.

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Franzensbad, Sudetenland.–Htl. Imperial.–World-known. Close to Springs and baths. Season 15th April to 15th Oct. Tel. 35.

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GERMANY—*continued*

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Kitzbühel/Tyrol.—Hotel Weisses Rössl.—All comforts. Best position. Very popular with English visitors.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof).—First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks. 6. Catal'gs.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M. 10.

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Wiesbaden.–Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.–(Four Seasons.) Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. fr. R.M. 12.

SWITZERLAND

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea-level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten., Gar. 15 min. fr. Montreux.

Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.–Hôtel Meurice.–On the lake, 100 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

Lausanne. — Palace-Beau-Site Hotel. — Up to date, ideally sit. Ex. cuis. Bar-Grillroom. Orchs. Reas. rates. Lucien A. Poltera, Dir.

Lausanne.—Hotel Royal.—Super first class. Unriv. sit. Sunny park. All rooms with priv. lav. Ex. cooking. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel on the Lake.–1st cl. Sit. in private grounds. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths. Park, Tennis, Garage.

Lugano (Southern Switz.).–Htl. St. Gotthard-Terminus.—Fam. hotl. with all mod. conf. Ex. food. Large garden. Garage. Mod. terms.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland). — Lloyd Htl.—Dir. on the Lake. All comfs. 100 Beds. Open-air Ter. Rest'nt. Pens. fr. Frs. 11.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—First-class. Best view, full sth. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).–Grand Htl. Palace.–Unrivalled sit. on the lake-prom.; quiet, cen., large park, open-air Restaurant.

Lugano.—Hotel Splendide.—First class in every detail, lovely situation on the lake. Family, R. FEDELE.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Cen. position, large park. Golf, Plage. Own trout fishing river. Moderate terms. Diet.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sit. at the entrance to Swiss Nat. Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant & bar.

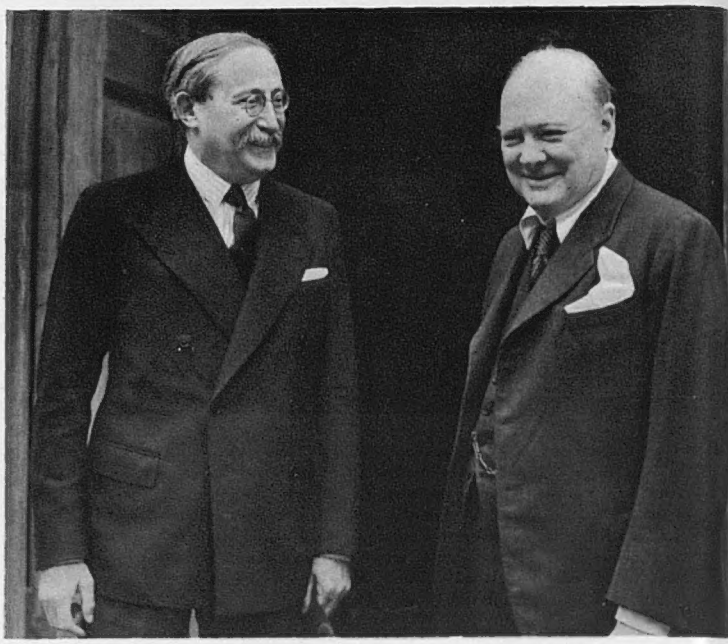
The Bystander

Anthony

Germaine Lubin—French Prima Donna

Germaine Lubin has come to Covent Garden this year to sing Wagner, first as Kundry in *Parsifal*, and later as Isolde to Melchior's Tristan. Opinions were contradictory as to her Kundry, some critics thinking her lacking in expressiveness, others finding her exceptionally eloquent, and a Wagner singer "of the very first rank." She made her London debut during the Coronation season two years ago, singing the leading role in Dukas' *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue*, with the Paris Opera Company

***Scandinavia** gave the Nordic Fuehrer a Nordic no last week, in principle, at least. From their conference in Stockholm four countries—Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland—in a joint statement issued by their foreign ministers, declined any offer of a non-aggression pact, preferring to maintain a watertight neutrality. Most reluctant to confirm was Denmark, who has a German frontier and won back North Schleswig, seized by Prussia in 1864, by a Versailles treaty plebiscite. The men who agreed to say no: Hrn. Erkko (Fin.), Koht (Nor.) (standing); Munch (Den.), Sandler (Swed.) (sitting)*



***Léon Blum,** the French Socialist leader, received a welcome in his two-day visit which, considering he is out of office, gave an excellent indication of the non-party nature of our determination for French friendship. He came over to follow up his Chambre attack on our Opposition for opposing conscription, was fêted by Major Attlee and his lieutenants, received by Lord Halifax at the F.O., took luncheon at Chartwell with the Churchill party (herewith)*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

You will be enchanted to hear, or, rather, to read, that I have returned to my page in the Bystander, or perhaps you won't be enchanted. Anyway, that 's your affair. Since I last had the pleasure of writing these instructive paragraphs for the duchesses and the actresses of London, in the intervals of whistling to them from my bicycle, I have been a very long way away. In fact, I have been to Java. On Good Friday I drank my own health in a farewell cocktail in my own flat, and twenty-nine days later I was drinking my own health in a welcome-home cocktail in the same place; and in the interval I had been to Java.

I have come back completely staggered by Flight. I always knew, as we all know, vaguely that aeroplanes travel very quickly nowadays. But when it comes down to brass tacks—or, rather, up to brass tacks—I found that speed translated into terms of geography is almost incredible. Last Sunday I had coffee and rolls in Athens, breakfast in Budapest, lunch in Leipzig, snatched ten minutes for a glass of beer in Amsterdam, and was in my flat at six o'clock in the evening. Two days before that I had been in India.

Incidentally, my 'plane, one of the big American Douglas machines which are used by the Royal Dutch Airways, was delayed three-quarters of an hour in its flight over Central Europe. The reason was that on May 5th, Germany prohibited all foreign aeroplanes from flying over Czechoslovakia.

Many things have happened in the twenty-nine days of my absence from England. Here are a few that strike me on my return.

1. Signor Mussolini has destroyed the independence of his Mohammedan ally, Albania, thereby abandoning his always slightly comical claim to be the protector of Islam.

2. The *Daily Telegraph* has gone all gay and put its news on the front page.

3. Britain has adopted Conscription.

4. Sir John Simon has publicly praised Conscription. Sir John resigned from a Cabinet during the war on this very issue.

5. Cricket has begun.

6. Wolverhampton Wanderers failed to win the Cup and the League, thereby maintaining my hundred-per-cent. record as a bogus prophet. I had tipped them to win both.

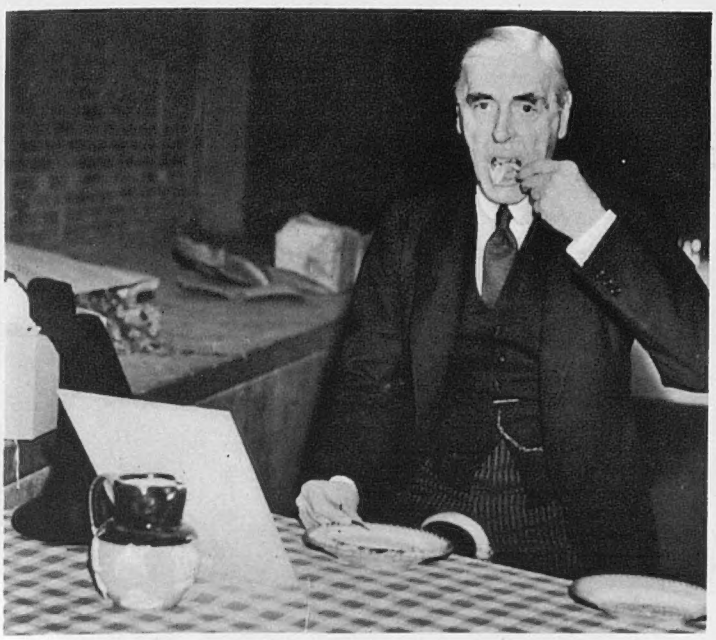
7. Alexandria Harbour, which was empty of British warships on April 9th, was packed with them on May 5th.

Otherwise things seem to be pretty much the same.

There is one major fact of international importance which I have not chronicled in the last paragraph, because it deserves a paragraph all to itself. On Good Friday, Signor Mussolini did his stuff (and Queen Geraldine had to fly with her two-day-old baby). The world outside the Axis was appalled and shocked. But Mr. Chamberlain had his answer ready. He appointed Mr. Burgin Minister of Supply, and the world lay back in its armchair and sighed a sigh of relief. The counter-stroke was devastating. In the meanwhile, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Anthony Eden, and Mr. Duff Cooper are outside the Government. Never mind; we have a Minister of Supply.

It is impossible for me to comment on the Russian situation because nobody really knows what the situation is. The mysterious negotiations go on and on, and communiqués are issued by both sides from time to time, each more or less contradicting, in very civil language, the previous communiqué of the other side. The situation with Turkey, on the other hand, is fairly clear. A pact of mutual assistance between this country and Turkey is on the stocks. As Turkey's relations with the Soviet are very good this is a step in the right direction. Not only that, it is a step of great importance. Turkey is strong and determined, and dislikes Italy quite a lot.

The Conscription situation in Ulster is enough to make a cat laugh.



Captain the Hon. E. A. FitzRoy *walked over from the Speaker's House to the Royal Horticultural Hall to eat a pancake of his daughter's making. Miss Nancy FitzRoy ran a "Bar Bretagne" at the Westminster Market last week and did a flourishing trade in spite of "professional" competition from Mme. Prunier, who presided over a fish, oyster and snack-bar. Takings all went to the new Westminster Hospital. More pictures of the Market are on pp. 245 and 270*

The Duke of Devonshire *sailed last week in the Winchester Castle—and the Duchess went with him—for South Africa, Rhodesia, and the High Commission Territories. His three months' trip is mainly "to renew friendly personal contacts" established when Ministers from out there came to England. The Duke has been Under-Secretary for the Dominions since 1936, serving under Malcolm Macdonald, the late Lord Stanley, and since January under Sir Thomas Inskip*

The original Bill included Ulster, and most of Ulster, patriotic to the core, was delighted. In popped President De Valera, saying gently that there was no such thing as Ulster, and that Eire must not be conscripted. The Prime Minister immediately altered the Bill, and exempted Ulster. But in his speech he added that he was quite certain that Ulster would do as well under a voluntary system as under conscription. "Why have conscription at all then?" shouted the Opposition, with great gusts of laughter. But the Speaker asked them to stop laughing, and the House went on with its normal business.

LET me advise you to keep an eye on the word Gibraltar when it appears in the public prints. A definite tendency has suddenly cropped up to describe Gibraltar as untenable in a modern war. This looks to me dangerously like the beginning of a nice piece of propaganda towards handing over Gibraltar to General Franco.

TALKING of General Franco, the famous victory march into Madrid is really to happen next Friday. At least so it was reported last Friday from Burgos. The message also said that the remaining Italian Legionaries would leave Spain *soon* after the parade. But then it was part of the Anglo-Italian Agreement that those troops should leave Spain as *soon* as the war was over. What, I ask myself, does that word "soon" mean?

THE wags of Fleet Street are asking as a riddle the difference between Mr. Chamberlain and Hitler. There are, of course, a good many possible answers. The wags' own solution of the problem is that Mr. Chamberlain takes week-ends in the country, and Hitler takes countries in the week-end.

I GATHER that Mr. Robert Bernays, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, made a pretty considerable bloomer in a speech the other day. He remarked, quite casually, I am told, that the Government's policy is to discourage voluntary evacuation in time of war. Now it turns out that the Government has no policy at all on evacuation, and that Mr. Bernays was beating the pistol in an unofficial sprint.

FOR all the brave words of certain members of the Government, there is little doubt that Appeasement is raising its funny little head again. The *Times* in particular has been running a neat little correspondence in favour of what might be called a return to Munich, and Sir Nevile Henderson, admittedly pro-Nazi, has returned to his post in the British Embassy in Berlin.

THE position of Sir Horace Wilson, that famous conciliator in industrial disputes, is becoming queerer and queerer. It has been known for some time that he is working on foreign affairs independdently of the Foreign Office. Now the little mice, who peer out of the wainscot and ask awkward questions, are wondering if Sir Horace is also working independently of the Prime Minister. Certainly there is a wonderful discontinuity in our handling of foreign affairs, which makes one think that everyone is working independently of everyone else.

THE laurel-wreath for courage is awarded this week to Mr. Davies, the manager of the Monseigneur News Theatre in Piccadilly. He was due to show a news-reel made by Paramount in which Mr. Vernon Bartlett, M.P., was the chief speaker. Mr. Bartlett criticised the Government. The cinemas received the news-reel in the morning of April 6th, and in the afternoon they were urgently asked to cut out Mr. Bartlett's speech. All the managers complied except Mr. Davies, who said, "I am not interested in Mr. Bartlett's politics, but I consider his speech fair comment. The request to cut it is an attack on free speech." Mr. Davies is the first man I have heard of who has stood up to Lord Tyrrell's peculiar censorship of the films.

IN Athens the other day I ran into my friend, Mr. Michael Arlen. I asked him why he was settling in Greece, and he almost burst into tears. "I have come here for two months," he said, "and all the gossip-writers in London have announced that I am settling here for life." Mr. Arlen will be back amongst us in no time, which is good news.

THE Congress Government of Bombay is bringing in Prohibition on August 1st. It will be very interesting to see whether gangsterism and racketeering follow. The possibilities for corruption and bribery are so enormous that I rather fancy Bombay is in for a pretty rough time in the near future.

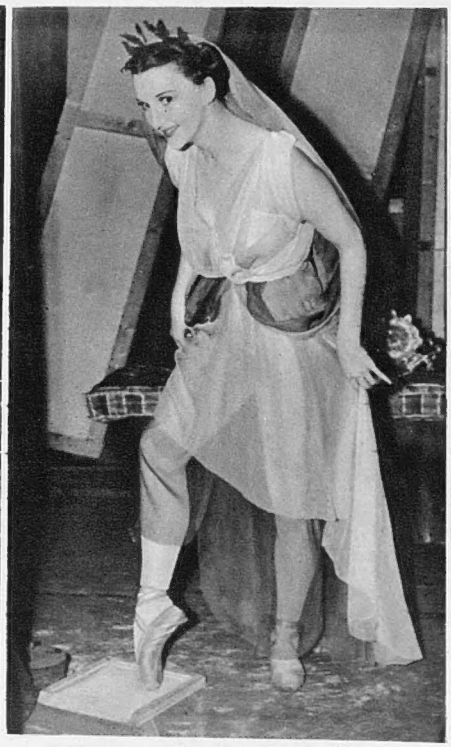
AS you all know, the "Passing Hour" is not concerned with party politics, and so I record the following circumstance simply as a commentator or an observer of modern life. On one and the same day the Women's Liberal Federation and the National Union of Women's Conservative and Unionist Associations held their meetings. The Liberal women discussed "Health and the Home," milk for children, housing, nursery schools, maternity welfare, health insurance, district nurses, and hospitals. The Conservative ladies concentrated almost exclusively upon a noisy and passionate demand for the flogging of male criminals.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—will be found on pages G to L before the Frontispiece.

Dancer with a New Name

Belinda Smith is a member of the Ballet de Jeunesse Anglaise who made their first appearance at the Cambridge Theatre last Tuesday. "Miss Smith" is better known as Mrs. Florence Lambert, former wife of the conductor, Constant Lambert



Dancer at the Resin Box

A guest-artist of the Ballet de la Jeunesse Anglaise was Diana Gould, here coyly rubbing her points in the resin-box before going on the stage. Lydia Kyasht sponsors this young company, and Lydia Sokolova composed their most important work, "Russki Plasski"

Dancer on the Beach

Lubov Rostova is a member of the Ballets de Monte Carlo, and, like most of that company, spends her spare daylight hours at the Monte Carlo Beach during the season there. Pictures of the premiere of Massine's new Spanish ballet (in which Rostova dances as a peasant) are on page 248

People

Going, Coming, Working, Idling, But Always Meeting the Camera

Bridge-opening Honeymoon

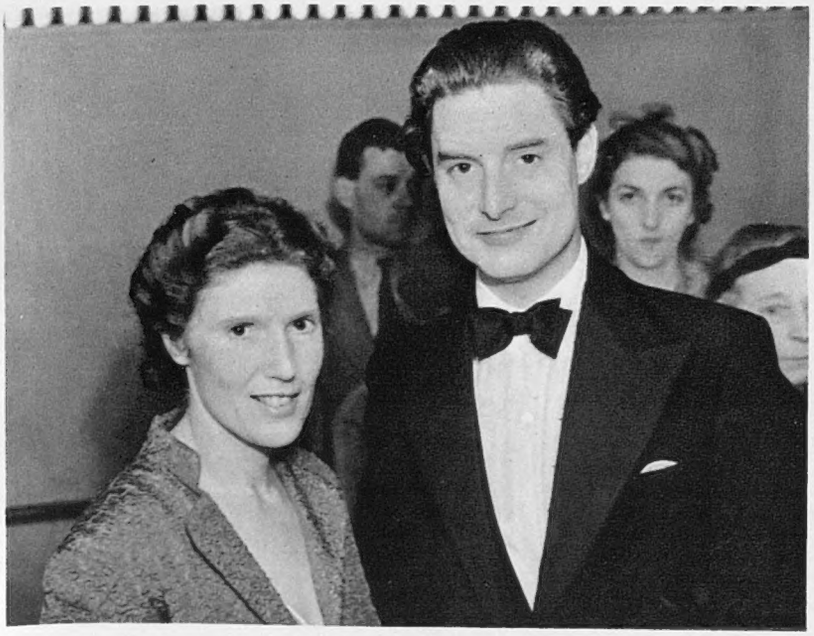
Sir Alfred and Lady Beit left last week on a further and most important part of their honeymoon—they took Imperial Airways flying-boat to Southern Rhodesia. There Sir Alfred will assist his mother in the opening ceremony of the Otto Beit Bridge over the Zambesi. Lady Beit was Clementine Mitford

Archduke

Archduke Francis Joseph of Hapsburg has been in London after a visit to India and Egypt. A Spanish citizen, he has been active in organising tourist promotion in Franco Spain, hopes to return to Madrid

Artists

Ethel Walker, Anthony Devas, and Nicolette Macnamara, plus Miss Walker's dog, "Boy David," were photographed outside Lefevre's Gallery on a private view day. Ethel Walker had a show there herself last month, which included portraits of Nicolette Macnamara, who is Mrs. Anthony Devas in private life. All three are artists



Actor Takes His Wife to See Dancing

Two in the audience for the "Ballet de la Jeunesse Anglaise" at the Cambridge Theatre were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donat. The actor, who has completed at Denham the name-part in the film version of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," has announced his return to the stage—with the Old Vic Company at Buxton, and in the Waterloo Road next autumn

Singer and His Manager Look at Their Bills

Beniamino Gigli, the tenor, was looking over his hotel bills with his manager, Signor Rossi (left) when the photographer called. Gigli is over here for the Covent Garden opera season (he sings in "Tosca," "La Traviata" and "Aïda"), and he gave a concert at the Albert Hall last Sunday week

The Duke and Duchess of Kent Go Shopping

Lady Portarlington, in a fancy apron, took the Duke and Duchess of Kent round the Food and Wine Fair which was held at the Royal Horticultural Hall in aid of the new Westminster Hospital. The Duchess, who wore black silk and pearls and black ostrich feathers, saw a fish, oyster and snack bar under Mme. Prunier, and a "Bar Bretagne" under the Speaker's daughter, Nancy FitzRoy

Racquets and Some Other Luggage and Helen Jacobs

Helen Jacobs arrived at Paddington from Plymouth from America with a house of luggage, prominent among which was her case of lawn tennis rackets. The Californian player, who was runner-up at last year's Wimbledon to the other Californian Helen, is over here to make another bid for the title, which a hurt ankle helped her miss last year

Social

A WEDDING

Mr. McKenzie and Miss Pamela Fisher

Kenneth Malcolm McKenzie is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. K. E. McKenzie, of Langford, Jersey; Pamela Margaret Fisher is the only daughter of the late Comdr. Sir Thomas Fisher and Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare; they were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, with a reception at 6, Stanhope Gate

THREE ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Diana Mills

Diana Mills announced her engagement in February, was photographed outside a shirt and tie shop in a grey flannel suit. Her fiancé is Richard Smyly, 13th/18th Hussars; she is the only daughter of Mr. H. C. G. Mills, of New York, and Mrs. Mills, of 6, Neville Terrace, S.W.1

Mr. Hector Christie,

Lord and Lady Zetland's Jean Dundas, and Hector W. L. Christie, of Jervaulx nounced a May engagement. at Lingfield races, half-turned

PARK OUTINGS

One family outing in the Park in the spring was made by Lady Brougham and Vaux, her children (pram handle at right) and her dogs, and the Hon. Nica de Koenigswarter, Baroness de Koenigswarter in France, where she is châtelaine of the lovely Loire château d'Abondant. She is Lord Rothschild's sister

Mrs. Marsh's borzoi bitch Sally may have been looking across the Park's verdure at Lady Brougham's two dogs, as she appears to be doing here. Her mistress, Baron and Baroness de la Chapelle's daughter, wore a hat surrounded and crested with peacock feathers

Baroness de Koenigswarter, Lady Brougham

Mrs. Phillip Marsh

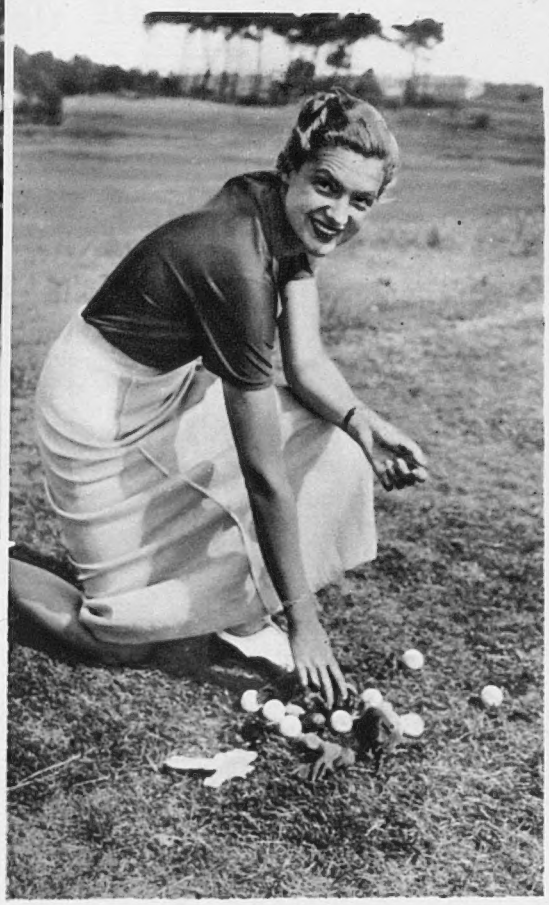
Lady

Lord and Lady who married took her son Park. He is the year-old sister

Lady Jean Dundas

youngest daughter, Lady L. Christie, only son of Mr. Abbey, Yorks., have an- They followed form together their backs on the camera

Register



Mlle. Francine Thollon

Francine Thollon, attractive and popular French golf champion with many friends over here, is engaged to the Duc d'Elchingen, head of the house of Ney, sixth Prince de Moskowa, descendant of Napoleon's Lorrainer Marshal who took his titles from two First Empire battles. Mlle. Thollon is a frequent golf partner of King Leopold of the Belgians

A CHRISTENING

Sara Oldfield and Her Parents

Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield's firstborn was christened at Westminster Abbey, across the way from St. Margaret's, where they were married this month two years ago. The baby girl, Lord and Lady Dunmore's granddaughter through her mother, was named Sara, with Mr. Peter Samuel, Mr. Patrick Winnington, Lady Anne Bridgeman and Mrs. William Leishman as godparents

Dorothea Head

Shaftesbury's elder daughter, Capt. Anthony Head in 1935, Michael for a walk in the Heads' firstborn, has a one- and a father in the Life Guards

Mrs. Michael Asquith

Mrs. Michael Asquith, the former Diana Battye, and her newborn daughter were lured into the Park by the May sunshine, and then lured into a picture by a photographer. She married the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith's son last year

Lady Dufferin was another mother who took the air and the children in the Park; the pram occupant is Sheridan Frederick Terence, Lord Ava; the camera-shy daughter is the Dufferins' younger, Perdita. Lady Dufferin is president of the committee organising the "Elephants Never Forget" premiere *(see p. F)*

Lady Dufferin and Ava

Director René Blum, Massine and Argentinita before the Premiere

"Capriccio Espagnol"

Massine's New Ballet to Rimsky-Korsakov Music

Massine's new one-act ballet to Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol* was given its premiere at Monte Carlo on May 4th, and had a great reception. Argentinita's superb artistry and profound knowledge of the dances of Spain were at the service of the choregrapher in producing the ballet, at rehearsals, and in performance, in which he and she take the leading parts as the Gypsies. Danilova and Panaieff are partnered as the two Peasants, Danilova adding another success to her long list of brilliant character roles. Mariano Andreu (chosen by Fokine for his *Don Juan*) is responsible for the setting and dresses. Two other Massine ballets are in the repertoire of the Ballets de Monte Carlo since they left London. *Bogatiry*, to Borodin's music and with Gontcharova décor, had its premiere in New York last autumn. *Rouge et Noir* is a four-act ballet to Shostakovitch music, with décor by Henri Matisse, in which Markova, Youskevitch, Franklin and Platoff have leading roles. The Monte Carlo season was due to end last Sunday, after which the company were going to Italy, and then to Paris early in June

Massine and Argentinita as the Gypsies

Panaieff and Danilova as the Peasants

Return to the Ballet: "Cupid and Psyche"

By Arnold L. Haskell

AFTER an interval of nearly a year, I returned to Sadler's Wells in time to see the first performance of the new Ashton-Berners ballet, *Cupid and Psyche*. This work is a success from many points of view, but at present an incomplete success.

I will deal first with what seem to me to be its defects, an ungracious but necessary procedure. It is definitely too long, not in conception, like the operatic *Checkmate*, but in actual running time; a fault that is very easily remedied. A witty score, and at its best it is delightfully witty, cannot be so long sustained. As a result there is a sudden last-minute transition from wit to broad humour, without any warning or preparation. The humour is excellent of its kind, but it belongs rather to the knock-about of such a ballet-bouffe as *Barabau*.

The new collaborator, Sir Francis Rose, is very obviously a real discovery as a theatrical designer. He would, however, have been more successful in this first effort under firmer guidance. There is a mass of detail that detracts from the general scheme.

The story itself, with its invisible god is an exceptionally difficult one to tell according to ballet convention. In order to overcome that, the authors have had to use narrators at the beginning of each scene. I have no rooted objection to such a device when the narrators recite poetry that illuminates the action through being parallel to it. Words are used to amazing effect in the last Berners-Ashton ballet, *Wedding Bouquet*. It seems, however, clumsy and out-of-place in the present work, where their function is purely explanatory. I would willingly have sacrificed some of the clarity of the story in order to be rid of what is, to me, a very jarring note.

FINALLY, there is the characterisation. This story of the gods has been told with a fine irony, and the characterisation is all important; as important, for instance, as in Fokine's *Carnaval*.

Ashton's conception and choregraphy for the very young Julia Farron could not have been bettered. He is a past-master at writing for a young artist, and he brings out all Farron's finish and makes full use of her half-shy, half-confident attack. Frank Staff's Cupid is equally well conceived, and they form an admirable couple.

The role of Venus, on the other hand, is too bold and throws out the balance. Surely, Venus is a spoilt, self-confident society beauty, and never a Mae West dancing-hall dame. Such a crude conception does not fit in with the subtlety of Cupid and Psyche. It is possible that the personality of June Brae ran away with the role. Certainly, whenever she was on the stage, she attracted almost undue attention to herself, stepping right out of the framework.

When the work has been cleaned up through rehearsal and actual performance, a real success will remain. All the material is there, and Ashton's handling of the dancers is a pleasure to watch. He is now amazingly sure of himself.

OF the company itself, I cannot speak too highly. As far as the ensemble is concerned, it is without doubt the premier company of all, and in *Les Patineurs* one could see the full strength of the principals.

I will defer a detailed discussion of Fonteyn's work until I have seen *The Sleeping Princess*. I have, however, noticed a tendency towards a rather too mechanical and ingratiating smile that I have never seen before. Anything rather than that. It is a fault that both Toumanova and lately Baronova have at times adopted Riabouchinska alone seems to have escaped. "If you feel nothing, far better even to look blank than force the expression that you think ought to be there," a great maitre de ballet told a young dancer. I may be unjust, after having watched only two performances, but for safety's sake I note the fact. My admiration for Fonteyn, our first ballerina, is so great that with her I must ever be hypercritical.

Anthony

Julia Farron

Julia Farron has the part of Psyche in the new Wells ballet, "Cupid and Psyche," with which the article on this page deals. Mr. Haskell says that Frederick Ashton, the choregrapher, "brings out all Farron's finish and makes full use of her half-shy, half-confident attack"

JUNE BRAE has developed greatly. There is about her a quality of richness and an exuberance that are altogether rare. She has temperament in its only true meaning in ballet; she convinces one that she is dancing for her own joy.

Mary Honer sparkles. Her feat of pyrotechnics in *Les Patineurs* with Elizabeth Miller, grown a trifle plump but also in good form, never ceases to amaze one, particularly as it is for once entirely legitimate from the point of view of dramatic plausibility.

It is always a good sign to be able to notice competence in a member of the company not before prominent. Fanny Spicer, taking Pamela May's difficult role in *Les Patineurs*, showed technical ability of a very high level, and a thoroughly artistic approach. A most usfeul member of the company.

The men remain a strongly balanced team. Richard Ellis, always promising, is beginning to fulfil some of it. Frank Staff will be more in evidence when he shows greater vitality. He has most of the attributes a fine dancer requires. Of Alan Carter, I cannot write till I have seen *Harlequin in the Street*, save to say that he is always sensitive and in the picture.

WHAT strikes me right through is the team-work and the strong personality of the company as a whole. Very clearly it merited the distinction of the Gala performance at Covent Garden; a milestone in the history of English Ballet that is barely ten years of age.

Anthony

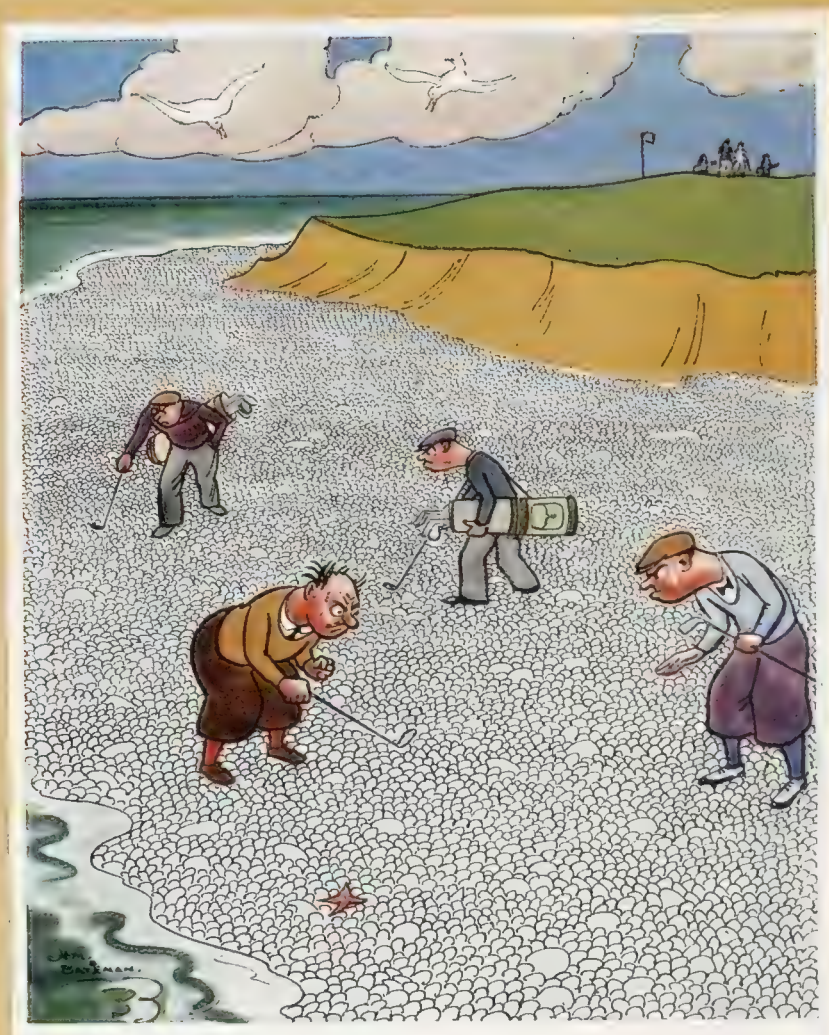
Psyche Dances to the Townspeople

This general view of the first scene shows the attractive back-drop of Sir Francis Rose, whom Mr. Haskell describes as "a real discovery as a theatrical designer"

GRAMMARIANS' GUINNESS

THE Possessive Case is distinguished by an apostrophe, with the letter *s* subjoined to it: as, "My soul's idol!"—"A pudding's end" . . . When the singular terminates in *ss*, the letter *s* is sometimes . . . dispensed with: as "For goodness' sake!" . . . Nevertheless, we have no objection to "Guinness's" Stout.

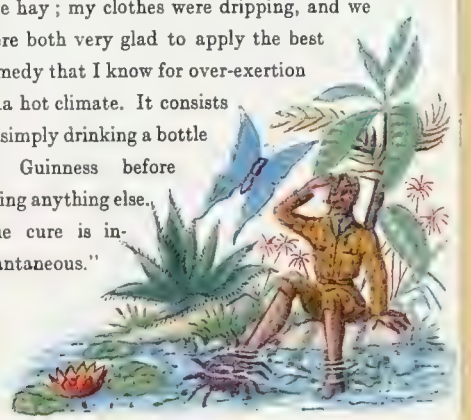
"THE COMIC ENGLISH GRAMMAR." (1840.)



"Have a glass of Guinness when you're Tired."

TOPICAL TIP FOR TROPICAL TRIPPERS

"It was almost too hot for midday rambles, especially as we continued to wear ordinary English shooting clothes. On reaching a stream I was compelled to sit with my feet in the water and bathe my head with a wet handkerchief. While I was in this position a purple fresh-water crab walked across my toes, and the largest blue butterfly that I had ever seen was fluttering in the sunshine. On getting back to our quarters, I found that the ferns in the vasculum had dried like hay; my clothes were dripping, and we were both very glad to apply the best remedy that I know for over-exertion in a hot climate. It consists of simply drinking a bottle of Guinness before doing anything else. The cure is instantaneous."



T. W. Hinchliff, "OVER THE SEA AND FAR AWAY." (Longmans, 1876)

If he can say as you can
"Guinness is good for you,"
How grand to be a Toucan!
Just think what Toucan do!

G.E.858

What's Yours?

"What's yours, sir?" inquired the landlord.

"Oh, I think I'll have a Guinness," said Hector. "Guinness is good for you—particularly on a chilly morning. Perhaps," he added, feeling pleased with himself and the world, "these gentlemen will join me."

Dorothy L. Sayers, "MURDER MUST ADVERTISE." (Gollancz, 1933.)

A PAGE FROM A GUINNESS SCRAP-BOOK

Sketches by Rouson

(*Photos on page 262*)

Eyes only for the handsome young visitor: Harry Fanning (Peter Coke), Emmanuèle (Jill Furse)

Infatuated with the young intruder: Marcelle (Mary Hinton)

In love with the mistress of the house: Blaise Lebel (Eric Portman)

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Intruder" (Wyndham's)

EARLY in this play you may find yourself asking why Marcelle de Barthas, the beautiful widow who has lived in retreat ever since her husband's death, does not turn the tutor, Blaise Lebel, out of her country house. Although his educational services are no longer required or enlisted, although he is unornamental in the extreme, and about as gay as a raven, although it seems to be a pretty open secret that he has seduced the governess whom he now treats like dirt, although he is highly distasteful to Madame's growing-up daughter, he lingers on as a kind of minor major-domo, behaving in such a monstrously offensive and dominating manner that no stranger would tolerate him for five minutes.

But *The Intruder* is a play about a situation which has grown up by imperceptible stages before the curtain rises. The ascendancy established by M. Lebel over the household he infests could, we become aware, have been convincingly demonstrated had this been the middle piece of a trilogy. We would do well to accept it without question, while permitting ourselves to wonder whether the subtle psychology does not err at times slightly on the sensational side.

THE disturbing element in this play is a nice English boy who comes over for a few weeks to learn the language, and who arouses the jealousy (1) of M. Lebel, because Madame has fallen in love with him, and (2) of Madame because he has fallen in love with her daughter. This latter theme recalls inevitably *A Month in the Country*, but, in spite of the exacting comparison, is movingly treated. Miss Mary Hinton, an actress of style, gives Madame a backbone that makes the indignity of jealousy all the more acute. Miss Jill Furse, as the daughter, brings to all her scenes a virginal sincerity as flawless as it is delicate.

Meanwhile, Mr. Eric Portman as the tutor schemes, fumes, eavesdrops, controls, loses control, departs in dudgeon, returns in triumph, and generally puts up a performance in an unusually difficult part that should finally establish him in the very front rank of actors. But since he has given many performances which should have done this long ago, there would seem to be no particular reason for him to expect even now the recognition he deserves.

THE happy ending contrived for this play by its French author, M. François Mauriac, strikes me as rather forced. When action which seems to be heading for disaster rounds on itself, to accept the relief with gratitude is not easy. Nevertheless, faults or no faults, here is quality. Mr. Norman Marshall's production is expert and sympathetic. All the more important parts, including Mr. Peter Coke's young Englishman and Miss Marian Spencer's unhappy governess, are excellently performed. And once again we have to thank the Gate Theatre, where *The Intruder* was first presented under the title *Asmodée*. The Gate is, indeed, probably the most important theatre now in London, being run by a man of real taste, unvitiated by any inclination to give the public what he doesn't want.

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE Island Race being among other things passionately ritualistic, we weren't much taken aback when Gaffer A. P. Herbert complained to the Speaker the other day that the Clerk of the Parliaments hadn't bowed to the Commons when the Royal Assent was given to a bill. Parliamentary liturgiologists have since corrected the Gaffer, pointing out that according to the Rubrics this bow is given to the Lords Commissioners or to the Throne, but not to the faithful Commons, who don't get even a ceremonial kick in the trousers. A generation or two ago this discussion on a minor point of legislative ritual would have excited the nation far more than it does now. Political drawing-rooms would have been full of serious chaps in natty frock-coats with tea-rose buttonholes, arguing the rights and wrongs of this question with as much fire as if it mattered. Hostesses would have taken fierce sides, Mayfair lovelies, ballooning round Battersea Park on their bicycles would have deliberately run over and maimed chaps attached to the other party, Auntie *Times* and her naughty little sister *Punch* would be full of high-powered prose and verse on the topic, not terribly good, a laughable but masterly cartoon by "F.C.G." would appear in the *Westminster Gazette* showing Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as a fox with orchid and monocle, hunted by the Opposition, and the Government would fall. Whereas nowadays nobody would care much if the Clerk of the Parliaments bowed, genuflected, pulled a long snook, or rolled past in a wheel-barrow pelting Gaffer Herbert and his little playmates with Japanese birdseed. The reason being—correct us if frightfully misled—that the Party System is the stalest of jokes by now, everybody knows how the dusty wheels go round, and the Mother of Parliaments' little archaic whimsies have ceased to allure. Poor old haybag.

But we don't blame the Gaffer, best and kindest of sailors and men, for bringing that matter up. Ritual is violently cherished by the Race, and once one starts overlooking any slackness—even fancied slackness—in the House, the next thing may be that the Army Council will be seen slouching round at the Trooping of the Colour in their dressing-gowns.

"Nice day"

"Day before yesterday you were lighthearted, yesterday you were sad and thoughtful. . . . What is your mood to-day?"

Hit

"FRANKLY hokum," remarked Campbell Dixon in the *Daily Telegraph* of the plot of *Wuthering Heights*, just goldwynised; and we guess the more solemn booksy boys, faced with such a carefree exposition of the naked truth, must be filled with shuddering envy. Hokum it is, and rich hokum at that, even for a repressed Yorkshire spinster, and so is a great deal of *Hamlet* if you judge it by the plot. Nevertheless, the film of Emily Brontë's murky epic seems to have rung the bell, even our mercurial old idol James ("Boss") Agate being moved, after seeing it, to read Emily's book again and hail it as a blazing masterpiece. This assurance will undoubtedly cheer up the Brontë Society, who are still waiting to have that Westminster Abbey tablet to Charlotte, Emily and Anne unveiled with the requisite genuflections, congees, and salamalecs from our leading British Literatoors, some of whom will have to do some hasty cramming the night before, we dare guess.

What we like about the Brontë Society, incidentally, is that although its members unreservedly revere the three gloomy girls of their predilection, they don't push it as far as blind idolatry, like the Kipling boys, the Henry Jamesians, and the once-flourishing Browning Society. At one of their recent meetings, we remember, a lady present described how her grandmother had met Charlotte Brontë at a Yorkshire tea-party, and thought her a dumb cluck, a typical schoolmarm, and a rather pernickety number altogether. The Brontë fans took no umbrage at this, whereas if you ever hint to a clump or gaggle of Henry James idolaters that their idol was a bit of a snob, their icy hatred and contempt will freeze you blue, and as for inquiries after the fate of chaps who criticise Kipling to members of the Kipling Society—well, the silence 'angs that 'eavy you are 'arf afraid to speak.

Secret

For some months, if you 've noticed, the Joanna Southcott boys have been badgering the Anglican bishops to open the old lady's mysterious box, taking " display " space regularly in the national dailies for this purpose, and even (they seem to have scads of money) a whole page of the *Daily Telegraph*, which seems to show things are warming up. The bishops meanwhile remain coyly aloof and silent. Personally we wish their Lordships would unbend and finish the business one way or the other. If the mystic sealed box the warty and illiterate old prophetess left behind her a hundred years ago or so, after failing unaccountably to give birth to the promised Messiah, really does contain the secret panacea for all England's troubles and the recipe for Millennium, we need it now, is our feeble cry. And if, on the other hand, like that other box of hers which was opened ceremonially a little time ago, it merely contains miscellaneous snuffy rubbish and old bedsocks, this will save La Southcott's fans a lot of future suspense, not to speak of dough. Anyway, you 'd have thought the more advanced of these devotees would have suggested a peek with the X-rays, a step which would obviate all this public nagging at the bishops, who have their own troubles.

The Great Pyramid boys who also have the one and only panacea, but a different one, seem to be resting : preparing, possibly, fresh calculations and a new offensive. In our unfortunate view all this overlapping is a mistake, and a working coalition of the Pyramid boys, the Southcott boys, and the Mazdaznan boys (who solve world-problems by deep breathing) might produce something concrete, or not, as the case might be.

Thrill

A party of British and American tourists seeing Gay Paree By Night seems to have bumped up against reality for once the other night, we gather from the public prints. The gentleman in the floppy black hat who leaped knife in hand at the cabaret girl across the nightclub floor wasn't one of those tigers the agencies supply to the Montmartre night-spots at a modest fee, and the knifing was genuine, though still, to a trained eye, obviously unprofessional. Your true Parisian killer doesn't go in for all that theatrical stuff. He waits and paces softly in the shadows, strikes swiftly, quietly, and accurately, and vanishes without fuss. This nightclub affair was the work of an ordinary citizen suffering from shell-shock and delusions, though we guess that by the time some of those tourists get back to Leamington or Muncie, Ind., he will have developed into the terrible King of Apaches in person, attended by all his retainers. And the travellers will be confirmed in their lifetime's view that Paris (France) is a very wicked place indeed ; which it is, and so is London (England). But London's wickedness is not so immediately perceptible to the naked eye, and to be properly shocked the islander still has to make a Channel trip.

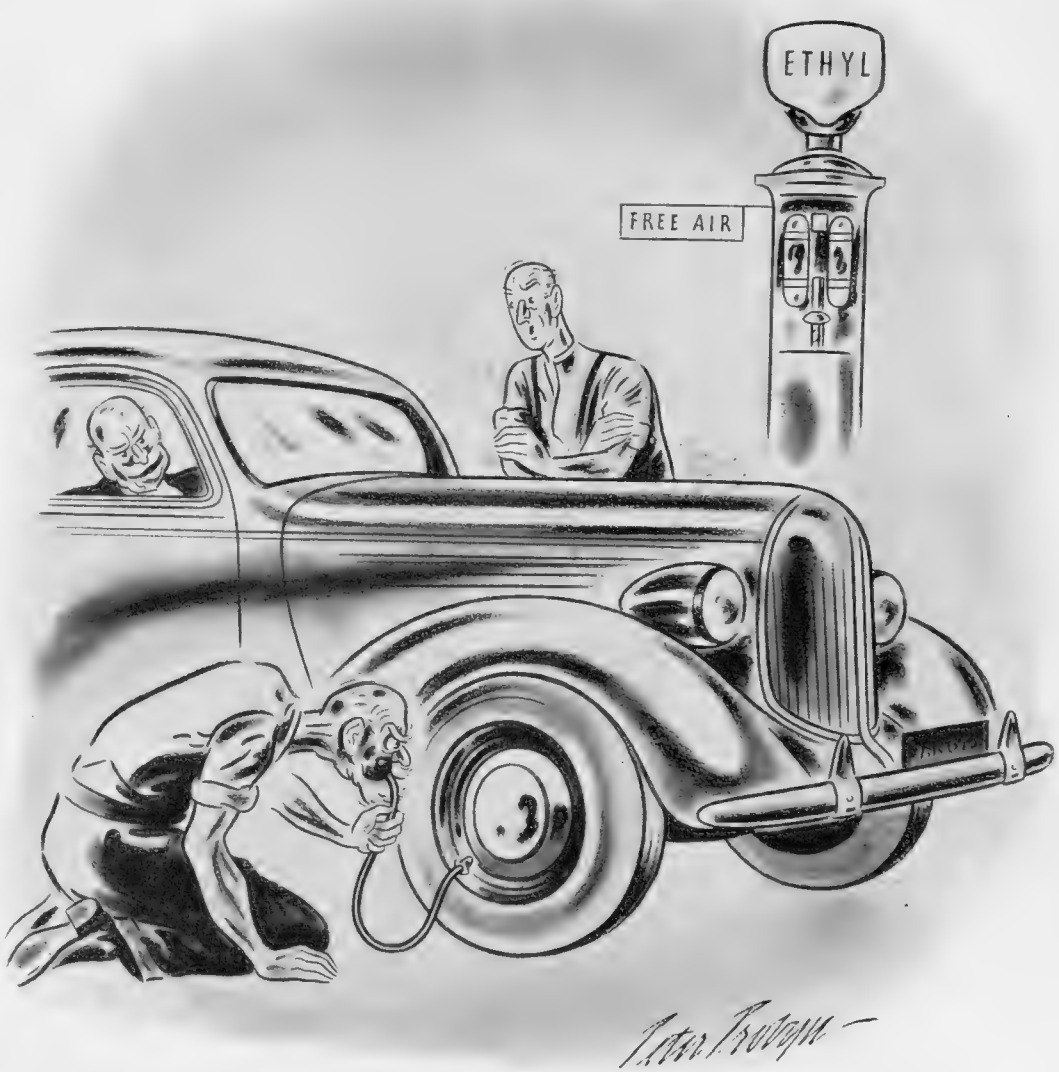
Whenever we hear chaps in West End clubs denouncing the French for being so sinful we feel rather sorry, for after all the French are not wholly and continuously bad. The majority of the present total of canonised saints is French, for example. Naturally the words " French " and " saint " in juxtaposition strike fantastically on any British ear, and we never press the point, not wishing to get a reputation for perversity. But if only a sufficient number of chaps would have the courage to mention this, the severity of the Island Race towards the French might be relaxed in time (we think).

Shiv

Knives carried by Boy Scouts are not " prohibited arms," it has been decided by the Ghent Appeal Court. In this country as well, so far as we know, the Boy Scout is the only citizen permitted to carry on his person a formidable blade as capable of gashing chaps as of gashing trees. We haven't examined the Scout knife closely, but it looks very like the knife issued to the troops in the last war ; a fairly handy weapon while it lasted, equally good for a slash or a stab, though not so good for this latter purpose as a stiletto, or what gangsters call a shiv.

It is probably illusion to believe that if we all could carry knives like the enviable Scout there would be more bloodshed in this country than there is at present. Up to a hundred years ago more or less everybody decent carried a blade of some kind, and this made for prudence. That bit of Meissonnier bravura called " The Quarrel " has put false ideas into the heads of millions of art-lovers in our view. Chaps in that period were not perpetually drawing and thrusting and having at each other, except when drunk (and then it 's fun). Moreover, in places where chaps habitually carry knives, such as Sicily, there is surprisingly little mortality from cold steel. Since the English gave up carrying daggers the idea has got into magistrates' heads that stabbing is un-English, which odd theory has driven citizens to ways of self-expression more slovenly and less healthful, and has undoubtedly sent up the homicide statistics.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" We feel there 's nothing to beat the old-fashioned methods, sir "

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

The King and Queen—

All the talk of the town now is either about your King George and Queen Elizabeth, or about our Fair. Between the two, New York social life is the most frenzied in years.

The ladies have breathed a sigh of relief, for it has been officially established that Americans will not be expected to curtsy before the King and Queen of England. A hand-shake is held to be the correct American usage, although those who can trust their muscles will be allowed to curtsy when presented to their Majesties at the British Embassy in Washington. Nevertheless, the hand-shake for prominent persons is a form of barbarity that should be dispensed with. In more sophisticated circles it is seldom seen, but it continues to harass our Presidents at official receptions, the contact with hundreds resulting sometimes in actual suffering and swollen hands for the unfortunate executive.

When their Majesties arrive at the red-brick house on Massachusetts Avenue, Lady Lindsay will become the first American-born British woman to be their hostess. The white-haired, witty wife of the British Ambassador has been one of Washington's outstanding hostesses since 1930. When she and Sir Ronald Lindsay take leave of the capital city there will be widespread regret at their departure, although the appointment of the Marquess of Lothian as future Ambassador is highly approved.

It is said that President Roosevelt himself has taken charge of the arrangements to entertain King George and Queen Elizabeth, and that he is getting a lot of fun working out the schedule. The State Department has a headache from the number of requests to meet the Royal visitors, and is flatly ignoring such requests as out of order.

—Princes and Princesses—

Giving us our first social taste of the season's royalty, before the real State visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth began, were two handsome and charming Royal couples from Scandinavia, also here to be seen by the Fair and to see the Fair.

Yesterday, Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha opened the Norwegian Pavilion, and to-day Crown Prince Frederik and Princess Ingrid are opening the Danish Pavilion, after a visit with our President to Hyde Park. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave a reception for the future King and Queen of Norway—some of the girls managed a curtsy, some did not—and there was a banquet for them at the Waldorf-Astoria, where they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Boomer during their stay.

—And the Fair

The Fair 's a success. It has everything except solitude. It has a whole farm run by electricity, and the biggest train in the world, and a robot that walks backwards, mural paintings and midgets and hot-dogs and fireworks and celestial music and coloured fountains, and at night it takes your breath away. And after all the worry about nudity—because Sally Rand and her fan dance simply made the Chicago Fair, and out on Treasure Island they 've got a Nude Ranch, and at first it seemed we were going to be entirely pure—now there 's so much exposure that the girls struck in the cool, early days.

Take as an instance of what you can see in one of the hundred concessional buildings, the pre-view party given at its Fair headquarters by a firm who make proprietary chewing-gum and coffee and so on. There was a big bar for drinks, but everything except the liquor came from the firm's products, even the sandwiches. And there was a huge bar with pretty girls serving coffee, and dioramas showing tropical scenes, and little figures gathering the coffee; and an open terrace upstairs, and the most blissful room in soft greens, where you can rest if you 're tired, with flowers growing in the ceiling right under the glass roof. And there were clowns running around, and five sets of twins in costumes, with little drums full of chewing-gum. One of the cute girls at the coffee-bar was grieving because she wasn't a twin: she thought it would be more fun to serve gum than coffee. But she had a crowd of men round her, more interested in her than in the free coffee. That 's one trouble, all the girls everywhere at the Fair are so pretty they are likely to cause traffic jams.

The $5000-a-membership Terrace Club has become society's new meeting-place. Frank L. Crocker, president of the Club, gave a luncheon for the Duchess of Westminster, and afterwards took her on a personally conducted tour of the Fair grounds.

The new setting for the socialites includes a large living-room done in bright yellow and grey, a circular bar which has a large tree growing through the centre of the floor, and a dining-room reached by steps from the foyer. William Rhinelander Stewart, an officer of the exclusive Club, often dines there with Mrs. Robin Wilson. Irving B. Carey recently gave a luncheon there, guests including the Duchess of Leinster, Countess de Forceville, Prince Kyril Scherbatoff.

Boss ?

They televised part of the opening show, and now it seems Mayor La Guardia is "the most telegenic man in New York." Another thing that came over well was the parade of the workers in their overalls and white caps; Mr. Whalen put them in the centre of the opening day because they had made the Fair possible by their work. Right now, to hear the business men talking, you 'd think G. W. did the whole thing himself, drained the meadows, built the land, put up the buildings, and turned on the music of the Perisphere; it looks like there isn't a job in the country requiring colossal organisation that he couldn't have.

Last Straw

And the Fleet 's in. You in London don't know the excitement of having numbers of big grey boats up your river, and a hundred times the numbers of white-and-blue and blue-and-gold uniforms around your sidewalks, sorry, pavements. But we have thirty-five of these sinister babies in the Hudson, lined up-river practically from here to Albany. And New York really does get excited when the Fleet 's in.

I took a ride on a Fifth Avenue 'bus up Riverside Drive to see it, and the sailors were piling into liberty boats and strolling along the Drive, some already with girls. Parties around town, too, look wonderful with splashes of the gold braid of the U.S.N. Atlantic Fleet.

Flat of Hand

The Barrymores have always been the royal family of our theatre, Ethel, Lionel and John casting each their spell on overlapping sections of the public. Like all royalty, they don't escape the ready eye of their people in any of their doings.

John, when younger, was the beau ideal of stage lover. Off stage he acquired four wives—consecutively of course. The last, like Sacha Guitry's last, was quite a young girl, from a college campus, who married him after a hectic romance, with every secret flight and change of plan fully reported and their secret pet names printed (he called her Ariel, or she him, I forget which). He returned to the theatre from character-rôles in the movies so that she could act with him (under the name of Elaine Barrie), and they went on tour. Now the sad news comes from the road that John and Elaine are estranged, and malicious observers say that in a scene in *My Dear Children*, which requires him to spank Ariel, he puts his heart right into it.

***Denmark's ruler** was represented at the New York World's Fair by Crown Prince Frederik and Crown Princess Ingrid, who opened the Danish Pavilion after a short visit at President Roosevelt's Hyde Park home. Their Royal Highnesses are here flanked by their hostess and host and the latter's secretary, General Edwin M. Watson. Other Scandinavian President-visitors and pavilion-openers were Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha of Norway*

From To-day to To-morrow at New York

This bridge, imposing and ugly, stretches from the World's Fair administration building into the Fair proper. It is called a symbol of the span of life, for it traverses the space between the world of to-day and "the world of to-morrow" (the Fair's theme). Completed in August 1937, the administration building has since been the headquarters of the Fair's Corporation, and its best office houses Grover A. Whalen, whose superb showmanship culminates as the Fair, late, nears completion. For more of the "Bystander's" second lot of World's Fair pictures, turn the page

"The Bystander's"

the World's New

Last week we stood at the theme centre of the Fair and looked at its trylon, perisphere and helicline from various Parkinson angles; on the previous page is a picture of the bridge the Fair's bosses cross to see their show; on these pages are views and details of the U.S. Federal Government's pavilion and the British pavilion. To reach them from the "span-of-life" bridge you pass along some of the Fair's main thoroughfares, with their high-sounding names: through the Court of Communications, past

Photographs by

Three lions, *staggered at thirty, sixty and ninety feet up the square façade of the British pavilion's main block, stare coldly but hungrily down on the English garden that fronts the building. These lions were designed by Barney Seale, have provoked much mirthful criticism from New Yorkers for their gaunt appearance, though representing a "satisfied" power. Below is another view of the pavilion, taken from the western side of the royal-crested bridge of sighs that crosses Presidential Row and joins, at first-floor level, the main building and the "Hall of Nations" section in which colonial exhibits are housed. The pavilion, designed by Stanley Hall and Easton and Robertson, contains peaceful exhibits—of public welfare, scenery, the Mercantile Marine, civil aviation, industries, and a certain amount of historic snob appeal*

second visit to

Fair at York

the Street of Wheels, down Constitution Mall, across Rainbow Avenue, round the Lagoon of Nations and into the Court of Peace. Presiding over the Court of Peace, from which Germany is absent, the Federal Government's pavilion takes pride of place and looks right up Constitution Mall to the theme centre; the wave-ruling eyes of the British lions look across a strip of water at the French Pavilion, turn their backs on Italy, whom they cut right out of a view of the Lagoon of Nations

Norman Parkinson

Peace *is a Germanic woman making the Nazi salute*

Unity *is an archaic man sponsoring two miniatures' union*

Peace and unity, *seen in detail above and in position below, flank the central portion of the United States' Federal Government pavilion (the States themselves have separate exhibits). The statues were designed by Harry Poole Camden, and if the Americans can criticise the British lions for looking starved, anyone can criticise the arm action of Peace and the Greek hair waves of Unity. But symbolism is the essential of exhibition sculpture and architecture, and the U.S. pavilion fills one of the Fair's best places in a noble manner. The building was designed by Howard L. Cheney*

Bridesmaids

Background to a bride's brief glory are her wedding attendants, chosen for love, looks or family obligations, dressed to follow fashion or to realise a dream of her own

A Background of Picture Frocks in Peach Pink

When Mary Forester married the Hon. Nicholas Hyde Villiers she put her bridesmaids and pages into the same pale peach-pink organza as she chose for herself, finishing the picture with sashes, head-dresses and rose bouquets of deeper peach. The six children were Rosemary and Juliet Forester, Jill and Robin Newman, Lord Hyde and Wolstan Churchward. The six grown-ups—two of them were carrying the bride's train—were Rosalind Forester, the Hon. Elizabeth Somers-Cocks, Lady Barbara Legge, Eleanor Keith, Rosemary Grosvenor, Nadine Gore-Langton

Love-in-the-Mist Blue

Love-in-the-mist blue and the bride's pearl white made a cool fresh colour scheme to match a cool, showery April day. The bride, Joan Lisette Pilkington (now Mrs. Rugge-Price), chose six grown-ups to follow her—the Hon. Cecily Berry, Louise Stocker, Rosemary Ford, Angela Pilkington, Joan Hastings, Angela Akers-Douglas, and two children—Susan Theresa Charrington and Duncan Cameron

Soldier Pages for a Soldier's Bride

The shyest small boy will stand, stiff, brave and silent, through the marriage service when he has a uniform to wear. This solemn quartet of 1740 Coldstream Guards marched after Barbara Susan Hoare when she married an officer of that regiment, Captain R. F. S. Gooch. They were her nephew, the Hon. Nicholas Crossley, Timothy Gooch, Julian Gibbs and Simon Hornby. The solitary bridesmaid was the bride's niece, the Hon. Mary Crossley, dressed in the same white, gold-threaded moiré and carrying the same scarlet roses as the bride herself

Turquoise Blue

Another blue-and-white colour scheme was chosen by the Hon. Antoinette Preston (Mrs. Peter Lunn). She wore white herself, and put her retinue in turquoise blue, with red bouquets. The grown-ups were Diana and Penelope Preston, and Diana Sowerby; the children were Viscount St. Cyres, Lady Catherine Northcote, and Jacqueta Lunn, the bridegroom's small sister

Pamela Margaret Fisher (Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie) asked Diana Radclyffe, Anne Anderson, Gilian Shephard, Nira Pears, Margaret Peat and Rhoda Garrick to be her bridesmaids, and dressed them in black lace and white taffetas, with black mantillas, mittens and fans and pink roses. The children, Judith Shakespeare and June Kelly, wore pink, and the bride wore white, with a pink and white bouquet

Diana Bethell (Mrs. Richard Blow) had eight little girls as her retinue with one grown-up, Lucilla Blow, to look after them. Wreathed in red roses, with white satin dresses and red sashes and bouquets, were Mary Rose O'Neill, Lady Phoebe Pleydell-Bouverie, Lily Christine Adeane, Priscilla Fawcett, Veronica Falkner, Zoe d'Erlanger, Melissa Benton, the Hon. Zara Long

Below is a third set of blue bridesmaids for a white-dressed bride, Elizabeth Knatchbull-Hugessen (Mrs. George Peregrine Young). They were Alethea Knatchbull-Hugessen, Veronica and Lavinia Pearson, Judith and Susan Dugdale, Jean Hope, the Hon. Veronica Saumarez, Elizabeth Pym and Rosemary Bowes-Lyon, wearing chiffon velvet for this early-spring wedding, with red and blue bouquets of spring flowers

Black and White — Spanish Style

Kate Greenaway Children — and a Puppy

Blue Velvet and Spring Flowers

***Head-dresses** cause more heart-burnings among the bride's chosen friends than anything—even the colour scheme. Some brides are determined to be original*

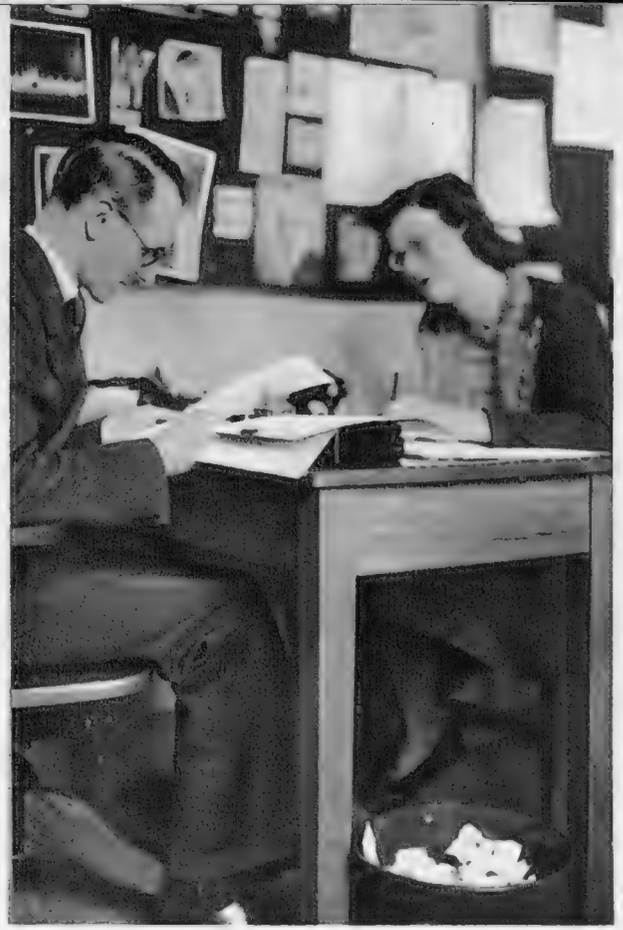
***High haloes** are a little over-spectacular en masse but generally very becoming to the individual. Very tall girls don't like them*

***Inspiration** from the past produced these rolled wreaths and veils to go with star-spangled, tight-fitting dresses. Here the result justified the search for something different*

***Bows** to hold the veils in place are simple and effective, but a little stiff, and when worn at too many different angles spoil the retinue's processional symmetry*

Production Manager

D. H. Munro was photographed at Alexandra Palace before his departure for New York; he has been lent to America, which is considerably behind us in television-consciousness or technique, to organise programmes for the World's Fair and for the Columbia's new service



Programme Organiser

Cecil Madden chooses the television subjects which Munro turns into view waves, is seen with Miss Eve Moir in his fifth floor eyrie looking on to the "Ally Pally" racecourse. He was senior producer in the B.B.C.'s Empire programme before moving to Alexandra Palace at its start as a broadcasting station. Much of his programme material he writes himself

Wardrobe Manager, Mistress

Mary Allen (right) is the manager of at Alexandra Palace—wardrobe and visit to the former, discusses with Mrs. (centre) and her assistant, Isobel for the fairy-tale, "The Charcoal sausage on the table, foreground,

Alexandra Palace: At-work pictures of some of the men and women who rule the television waves

Design Manager

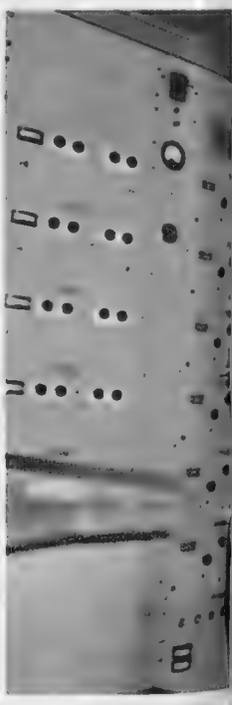
Peter Bax, assistant stage manager at Drury Lane, 1924-30, is in charge of scenic effects at Alexandra Palace; his department prepares models, paints backcloths, builds scenes in gross or detail

Assistant Design Manager

F. Baker-Smith is Bax's assistant in scenic work; he is an actor as well as designer, has acted in Brighton and Margate, designed in Santa Barbara, California

Set-Builder

B. B. Learoyd works at the next desk to Baker-Smith, is one of Bax's draughtsmen. He was building a model set in cardboard when the cameraman penetrated the office



Assistant

H. W. Baker, is "engine-room," dials show him and Munro's programmes valuable equipment

and Assistant

two feminine departments make-up. She has paid a Robb, the wardrobe mistress Winthrope, some dresses Burner's Son." The long is a dragon's tongue

Press-Cutter

E. C. Thomson is in charge of the Press department which, among other things, cuts out and dockets newspaper coverage of television (we hope he likes this page). As television doesn't yet hit papers much, comment is mostly friendly

Maker-up

Jeanne Bradnock is the assistant make-up manager, was in charge of Olga Edwardes' face while the manager was in the wardrobe department (centre picture, top row). Miss Edwardes, a kinswoman of Lord Kensington, took her ninth television-play part in "Two Gentlemen of Soho"

Culmination of Their Work : the Transmitting Aërials

Engineer

second in command in the where thousands of knobs and his chief how Madden and are going over. Much of the at "Ally Pally" is unique

Contact-Maker

David Wolfe Murray is in a post created last year—that of public relations officer. He contacts the viewers, answers their letters or telephone calls, records criticisms. Outside A.P. he is a wild-bird artist

Peter Coke still plays the part of "the intruder," the young English boy who arrives to spend two months au pair with a French family. And Mary Hinton is, as she was at the Gate, Mme. de Barthas, hostess to the boy, mother of a young daughter, herself a widow to whom the boy's gaiety, courtesy and flattering pleasure in her company are irresistible

"The Intruder"

François Mauriac's brilliant and subtle play has moved from the Gate Theatre with some changes of cast

Asmodée, the first play of the French poet and novelist François Mauriac, was first performed in 1937 at the Comédie Française, and is one of the very few modern plays in the repertoire there. In Sir Basil Bartlett's translation it was put on at the Gate Theatre in February, running to capacity for six weeks. Now, renamed *The Intruder* (which title won the £10 10s. prize offered for a new name by the presenters of the play), it has been transferred to Wyndham's. Mr. Farjeon's review of it appears on p. 251

Jill Furse has replaced Joyce Redman as Emmanuele, Mme. de Barthas' sensitive, dreaming daughter, of whom her mother grows cruelly jealous

And Eric Portman now takes the part of the strange, terrifying, unhappy Blaise Lebel, tutor in the de Barthas household, bitterly in love with Mme. de Barthas. At the Gate Theatre, Wyndham Goldie played Blaise

Films of the Day

Pure and Lifeless

By George Campbell

TIME was when desperadoes who stole an apple, or chucked a stone through a window, had only to bleat, "Please, your honour, I saw it in a movie," to be sent home with the Bench's sympathy and a present from the poor-box. They can't get away with it nowadays. The films were always on the side of the angels, not because producers were better than other men, but because experience proved that morality paid dividends at the box-office. How many pictures have you seen where the criminal did not get it in the neck, and the shopgirl, proudly pure or touchingly repentant, was not rewarded with the boss's son in wedlock? But now, what with Will Hays, and a different censorship in every country and State, and a hundred organisations like Catholic Action and the Daughters of the American Revolution all itching to scissor something, morality is in danger of being overdone. They are driving producers to themes so innocuous that film after film emerges from the Hollywood factory pure and as lifeless as canned fish.

This week's crop is quite excessively uplifting. Bandits, confidence tricksters, nurses, girl pilots, army cadets, hold-up men—they may look tough and carry on at first in a very cynical and embittered manner; but they are all Sydney Cartons at the end.

TAKE Jimmy Cagney, in *The Oklahoma Kid*. The title practically tells the story. If you know your Wild West, there is no need for me to inform you that fifty years ago Oklahoma was frequented only by a few Redskins and a sizable army of fugitives from justice. But in 1889 the President decided to throw it open to settlement by whites. Twenty thousand settlers lined up at noon one day for a race directed by the military, the idea being that the winners should have first choice of sites.

Well, men on horses and men driving teams of horses and scrawny sixteen-hand mules all galloped hell-for-leather, and survivors still say that it was a most stirring and impressive spectacle. If there was a flaw in the arrangements, it was this—that on arrival, hot and much fatigued, the competitors found the best places occupied by cool gentlemen with heavy armaments, who had taken the precaution to get there a day or two before. This far-sighted gesture, which caused a certain amount of feeling, led to their being called "Sooners," and Oklahoma is still, I believe, known as the "Sooner State."

You may see the race, most spectacularly reproduced, in *The Oklahoma Kid*. But the Kid declines to take part. While the others all gallop, he stands in a deserted saloon, and helps the Judge to a whisky, and reveals why he is apparently so lacking in the pioneer spirit. It seems he has seen land booms before. The farmers work themselves to death to create a new civilisation, and what do they get out of it? Wealth? No. Because, says the Kid, the strong take it from the weak, and then the smart take it from the strong. He (the Kid) is super-smart. He waits till the strong have taken it from the weak, and the smart have taken it from the strong, and then he takes it from the smart.

This, of course, is all very well for reels one and two; but in reel three the Kid meets the Good Influence in his life; in reel six he is risking his life to save his father; and in reel eight he has avenged his father's murder and seen his brother die in his arms, and is well on the way to being pardoned and given his brother's job as sheriff. And if experience counts for anything, he ought to do a pretty good job.

If this summary doesn't do justice to the plot, I am sorry, because, of its kind, *The Oklahoma Kid* is excellent entertainment—nowhere near as good as *The Virginian* or *The Plainsman*, but still miles above the average Western. Cagney couldn't act badly if he tried. He brings to the young bandit a mixture of dry humour and deadly purpose which I found most effective. Humphrey Bogart plays the menace whose end shows that, if you cannot be a model on the screen, you can always provide a warning; Rosemary Lane is the prairie wild flower; Donald Crisp gives sound support; and Lloyd Bacon directed.

YOU know the story of the fellow who maddens everybody with his boasting, and proves that he really is a hero in the end. Vocal Boy Makes Good. It has cropped up again, this time under the title *The Duke of West Point*. Louis Hayward arrives at America's Sandhurst with a Cambridge reputation for Rugger and a badly swollen head. It seems that at West Point they have an honour system which says that you must not tell a lie. If you break it, as Mr. Hayward does when the court asks him the ominous question: "Were you outside the Western Union office at 11 o'clock?" the punishment is pretty stiff. He is sentenced to four years' silence.

Of course, the first essential of the braggart-hero is that he shall be able to take it as well as dish it out. Mr. Hayward takes it. He wins football games, and a hockey game against the Canadian Royal Military College, never before beaten, and for a year he is passed by, as he says, like a man with military B.O. Then the truth comes out. He lied for the sake of another. And those who came to scoff remain to cheer. To me it all looked like a rather inferior *Yank at Oxford*; but the games are well done, the dialogue is lively, and if there is a lovelier ingénue than Joan Fontaine, these old eyes have not beheld her.

FOR the rest, *J'Étais Une Aventurière* is the smoothest of crook stuff, wittily written and very well acted by Edwige Feuillère, Jean Murat and Jean Max; *Four Girls in White* teaches the stern lesson that it is the girl who stays behind to clean the lab. who bags the star doctor; *Tail Spin* tells of valour and self-sacrifice amongst girl pilots; *Backdoor to Heaven* is about our old buddy, the Boy - Who - Never - Had - a Chance; and the others will have disappeared before this appears, anyhow.

"Oklahoma Kid"

When the pioneers were grabbing bits of Oklahoma—"the Sooner State"—the strong took from the weak, the smart from the strong, and the Oklahoma Kid from the smart. In other words, this film (Warner last week) is a Western; James Cagney, here doing the impossible, is the Kid. "Nowhere near as good as 'The Plainsman,' but miles above the average Western," says our critic on this page

"Bystander" Short Story

The Man Who Grew

By Enid Alexander

Illustration by E. Spring-Smith

"OPEN just a little wider, please. This isn't going to hurt you much."

I lay and gazed, open-mouthed and idiotic, at the ceiling. Creswell is a non-stop talker. According to him he is responsible for half the crowned mouths of Europe, and his stories stretch my credulity further every time. To-day he was less class-conscious than usual, but equally dramatic.

"These gags," he said, suiting his words with an action and securing himself from all possible interruption, "sometimes come in more useful than you 'd expect.

"You 've heard the story, I suppose, of the dentist who went mad and extracted all his patient's teeth ?—quite still, please—well, this story of mine was rather the reverse.

"I used to have two brothers coming to me called Greer—Shaw, the chemist in Cavendish Street, recommended them. His daughter Jess was remarkably good-looking, poor girl !—tall, with a lovely skin and red hair, and there were always plenty of boys hanging round her. These Greers were friends of hers.

"They only came occasionally ; there was never anything to be done. The younger one, Philip, was tall and rather reserved, but the other was quite different—a little fellow bustling with self-importance. He used to strut into the room curling up his moustache—one of those Guards moustaches, you know, though he was only about five-foot-four—smoothing his hair and stand eyeing himself in the mirror till I was ready.

"I don't know why small men are always so vain ; you 'd think they 'd get it taken out of them at school. Of course, he was good-looking in a way : he had these beautiful teeth and good features, but his head looked too big for that little body and his hands and feet were well made, you know, but tiny, like a woman's.

"Anyway, he became interested in Jess, and he took it for granted she 'd be attracted to him, too. Finally, he proposed. He chose the usual place—a crowded restaurant where he had to shout between courses at the top of his voice to make himself heard against the orchestra. I expect Jess was taken aback. She was a gentle creature and would hate disappointing him. He, on the other hand, couldn't bear not to have his own way : frustration drove him mad." Creswell's voice was drowned by the drill. When I could again concentrate on the story he was saying : "She made a fatal mistake by saying, 'I couldn't ever marry you, anyway, Gerald, because you 're so little ; people would laugh when they saw us together.' Then I suppose she giggled, because the interview had been a considerable strain and she had a lively sense of humour.

"All this was discovered later, you understand, but that was about it.

"Greer was furious. The idea that he fell short physically—forgive the pun—hurt him, and to laugh at him at the same time enraged him. After that it bruised his over-sensitive vanity every time he met her, and finally he went off for a long motor tour of the Continent by himself.

"At the time I never noticed that he had not been coming here as usual," said Creswell, "but later I heard from Shaw that Jess was engaged to Philip, and then he told me this other brother had gone abroad nine months previously and no news had been heard of him for some time.

"Well, shortly after that—my God ! I think I shall never altogether forget that night !" Creswell stopped mixing his porcelain pie. "It was the most appalling experience of my life.

"I had a bleeding case late at night—they always are. I telephoned Shaw for snake venom. It was about a quarter to eleven, and Jess answered. She said she 'd ask her father if he had any, and I heard her go to the back of the shop and let fall the heavy door that divided it from the living premises. Simultaneously, the bell of the outside door tinkled and someone came in. Everything echoed a little into the receiver. I could hear the steps moving about the empty shop and my attention was attracted by something odd. They were groping and uncertain, and made a strange, halting, dragging sound. Shaw's dog, which must have been sitting somewhere in the shop, growled, and the newcomer snapped his fingers to him. There 's something uncanny about listening to a man who believes himself to be alone.

"Jess came back presently. Her father had some venom, but was looking to see if the date was all right : should she call me back ? Being in a hurry, I elected to wait. Jess laid down her receiver and addressed the waiting customer with a formal 'Good evening.'

"If only I 'd listened to the ensuing conversation I might perhaps have done something to prevent the tragedy ; perhaps not. Anyway, I didn't. I laid the receiver down, thinking I 'd hear Shaw when he came to the other end ; but he was longer than I expected, and presently I picked it up impatiently to hear Jess saying in a strained, dry tone :

"'—but it 's not possible.'

"The answering voice was one I knew but couldn't recognise then or in the months afterwards.

"'But, my dear Jessie, you can see for yourself. Look at me.'

"'No !'

"'Why not ?'

"'It 's horrible ! What have you done ?' Her voice was dry and staccato.

"'Jessie, don't be silly ! Why are you frightened ?' I heard the strange footsteps shuffle a pace or two and then the voice again much nearer and with a sudden sharp note :

"'Whose is that ring ?'

"Jessie's reply was high-pitched and breathless. I could plainly hear increasing terror in her voice :

"'Philip's ! Don't——!'

"Suddenly she screamed, and there was a scuffle and a crash, then nothing but a kind of moaning.

"I didn't stop to hear the dragging steps retreating as they must have done with desperate urgency or Shaw rushing to the shop in answer to the cry. I called Jess, rattling the receiver senselessly, then, recovering myself, rang the police, grabbed a coat and ran hatless to the shop in Cavendish Street, my bleeding case forgotten."

Creswell selected a fresh instrument of torture. I thought he was not going on with the story.

"Ngahng ?" I said.

"Oh, it was no good," he replied. "The police were there almost before me, and Jess upstairs unconscious. Her skull was fractured, and she died next day without ever coming round. There was no clue to her assailant beyond two small facts—the shuffling feet and the voice—and, try as I would, I couldn't fit that voice with its personality. In fact, when I tried to recall the particular

(*Concluded on page* vi)

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Things look a bit better to-day, Maggie. They 've had talks, leading to conversations, which have been followed by an understanding to have further talks"

Four Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Miss Pamela Cayzer

Pamela Cayzer is engaged to Captain the Hon. Richard Hamilton-Russell, 17th-21st Lancers, second son of Viscount and Viscountess Boyne. She is the elder daughter of Sir Herbert Cayzer, Bt., and Lady Cayzer, of Tylney Hall, Basingstoke, Hants. Her engagement was announced while she was in India ; she was expected back in England last week

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Grania Douglas Campbell

Grania Douglas Campbell is going to marry William Guy Lowther, 8th K.R.I. Hussars, only son of Colonel Sir Charles Lowther, Bt., of Erbistock Hall, Overton Bridge, Wrexham, and the late Lady Lowther. She is the youngest of the three daughters of the late Major Douglas Campbell and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Campbell, of Toad Hall, Frimley, Hants., and a niece of Lord Clarina

Harlip

Miss Elizabeth Madden

Elizabeth Madden is engaged to Raymond Vere Nicoll, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. Vere Nicholl, of Lindsey House, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. She is the youngest daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, and Lady Madden, of Broadstone, Forest Row, Sussex, sister of the present Baronet, a first cousin through her mother of Pamela Cayzer (see above), and a goddaughter of Queen Mary

Lenare

Miss Cressida Bonham-Carter

Cressida Bonham-Carter will be married on June 8th to Jasper Ridley. He is the eldest son of the Hon. Jasper and Mrs. Ridley, of Monckbeggars, Claydon, Suffolk, and 84, Gloucester Place, W.1, grandson through his mother of the late Count Benckendorff, Russian Ambassador in London, and a cousin of Viscount Ridley. She is the elder daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Bonham-Carter, a granddaughter of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith

Landing Party

"When shall we three meet again—in Pullman, liner or in 'plane?" Wherever it may be, Johnnie Walker will be among those present. And among those present in Johnnie Walker will be all the finest whiskies of Scotland, blended with quite extraordinary skill to make an even finer whisky. This skill in blending, and the long years of maturing that precede it, are the secrets of Johnnie Walker's uniquely clean and satisfying flavour.

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker**—

Golfers of yesterday and the golf ball of today

'Old Tom,' as he was affectionately called, was among the first users of the hand-hammered 'Gutty' ball. If only he could return and try the NORTH BRITISH S.S. how amazed he'd be by the results! For the tension, the 'life' in a NORTH BRITISH is terrific. This abnormally acute tension is due to the expansion, AFTER MANUFACTURE, of the ball's semi-liquid core. The ball is SUPERCHARGED with latent energy, energy that adds yards to a drive. And the perfect uniformity of the winding ensures such sensitiveness, such ready response that control up to, and on the green is thus assured.

Tom Morris, Open Champion 1861, 1862, 1864, *and* 1867.

Just try a NORTH BRITISH S.S.; you'll be delighted with the result. 2/- from your professional.

The Home Green at St. Andrews.

NORTH BRITISH

Supercharged

GOLF BALLS

MADE IN EDINBURGH BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD.

A Green by the Sea: Miss O. Jones (putting) and Miss E. Shutt (Pleasington) were playing Miss E. Coats (North Berwick) and Miss N. Ohlsson (Royal Jersey), who beat them 5 and 4

"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry (16th Year)

The First Two Days: By Eleanor E. Helme

WHOEVER remodelled the Ailsa (or Old) course at Turnberry, has used not only the skill of a golfing architect but the soul of an artist. It is, above all things, lovely. Having written that I pause, wondering if to put the loveliness first, casts any aspersion on the golfing qualities. If so, that is unintentional, for every sense tells one that it is really first-class golf, and when you hear that in a recent professional competition only one man broke 80, the difficulties of it need no more emphasising.

Yet all the old charm has been retained: above all, the delicious views of the sea, of the coast away to Ballantrae and across to Ailsa Craig and the Isle of Arran; but the rather tiresome climb up on to a really stupid fifth green, and the absurd blind second out to John o' Groats, with a number of other bad shots, have been eliminated. You now, for example, play John o' Groats as a dear little 135-yard hole, teeing up on top of the ridge, so that the sea, waiting to engulf a pull, is visible all the time, as well as the dazzling greenness of the green above the rocks. It would be very difficult to imagine a more delightful course, and, so far, the weather has been kind.

PEOPLE do enjoy themselves at Turnberry, and the chance to revisit that Ailsa course has been the occasion for almost sentimental journeys on the part of some couples. Miss W. Morrison and Miss E. C. Morrice, for example, having started their career there together in 19——well, never mind, the first year of *Eve* Scottish Foursomes is near enough—for example, felt they must have another go, and in spite of various hindrances, they only lost 2 down, after having dormy something a great deal more against them, to Miss Tweedie (a previous winner) and Miss M. Butter.

Miss M. C. Irvine, who was a first winner of Scottish Foursomes, over this same course, was playing, and playing well, but she and Miss Herbert (last year's runner-up with Mrs. Fleming) went out on the last green to the Grahams from North Berwick. The sisters were 3 up, lost them all, and one besides but won the last in a perfect 4.

A NUMBER of matches went to the last green on the first day, only two beyond

(Continued on page 272)

Waiting by the lighthouse hole during their second-round match were Miss Wright (Turnberry) and Mrs. Tom Brash (Milngavie), Mrs. C. Mayo (Beaconsfield) and Mrs. M. W. Crawford (Gullane). The latter pair won 2 up, but lost their next match to Miss Macdonald and Mrs. McFadjean

Miss E. C. Morrice and Miss W. Morrison (Douglas Park) lost in the first round to Miss E. Tweedie (North Berwick) and Miss M. Butter (Pitlochry). (In the third round, Miss Tweedie and Miss Butter were knocked out by Miss Walker and Miss McGlashan)

Miss P. Gray (Elie and Earlsferry) and Miss H. Ross (Longniddry) had a horseshoe to help them through two rounds, but in the third they were beaten by Mrs. Ballantine and Miss Henderson

The Hon. Bernard Bruce and the Hon. Pamela Berry

The England Ball, organised by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, was held at Grosvenor House. There went Lord Kemsley's only daughter, Pamela, aged twenty-one, and in the same party was the Earl of Elgin's young half-brother, aged twenty-two. In another party were debutante Anne Norton, in white, and Peter Wood, Viscount Halifax's second son

Miss Anne Norton and the Hon. Peter Wood

Youth and Charity

A Mixture of Pleasure and Work by Night and by Day

Lord Newtown Butler, Miss Everard, Miss Page, Lady Cecilia Stopford

The Big Ben Ball fills the huge Grosvenor House ballroom with political celebrities, their wives, sons and daughters—all Tory, since it is in aid of the Conservative and Unionist Films Association. Bettine Everard, Olivia Page, and Lady Cecilia Stopford were three of the girls there, and with them is the Earl of Lanesborough's heir

Saleswomen at the Westminster Market

Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's debutante daughter, Countess Anastasia Raben, and Lady Mary Pratt, another debutante, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Brecknock, sold for the Westminster Hospital at the huge two-day Market last week

Waitresses: Miss Anne Reed and Mrs. Henry Whitworth Jones

The flower-stall at the Westminster Market was a regular beauty corner: the four saleswomen on the right are Lady Anne Spencer, Lorna Harmsworth, the Hon. Deborah Greenwood, and Lady Mary Greaves. The two pretty waitresses on the left were also working for the Westminster Hospital at the Royal Horticultural Hall, where the Market was held

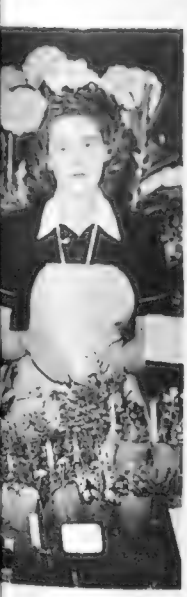
Some More Socialite Flower-Sellers

Highwaymen

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie's two little adopted sons, Jeremy and Angus, did some good publicity work for the Derby Ball outside their mother's house on the day she had her committee-sherry party for the Ball

Hat-tilted Line-up for the Derby Ball

Lady Mary Pratt, Lady Caroline Scott, Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, Lady Mary Stewart, Ursula Kenyon-Slaney, Peggy Gerard Leigh, and Kathleen Kennedy are some of the young Committee helping Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie (Mrs. James Field that was) and Lady Milbanke run the Derby Ball. Ursula Kenyon-Slaney and her sister Vivien are joint-chairmen of the Young Committee. The Ball (on Monday, 22nd, at Grosvenor House) is an annual event in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, Rosemary Ednam Ward



Highwaywomen — a Socialite Invasion of Clapham on Hospitals Day

A bunch of young socialites sold Hospitals Day flowers last week for the South London Hospital for Women, Clapham Common. Dione Pearson, the Hon. Clive Pearson's daughter, was one of them

Lady Sarah Saville was another seller, and had her stand outside a garage. Talking to her during a few minutes' rest was Thalia Gordon, one of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon's debutante twins

The Hon. Pamela Berry, last seen at the England Ball (see above left), reappears on a fine May morning with her flower tray and collecting box. Her co-seller is Lavinia Pearson, elder sister of Dione Pearson

Mrs. Jameison (St. Rule) and Miss Jean Urie (Turnberry) lost their first-round match at the twentieth to Mrs. G. G. Robertson and Mrs. R. Neill (Renfrewshire). (The Renfrewshire partners reached the third round, to lose to Mrs. Ramsey and Miss Jessie Anderson)

Miss Jean Donald (North Berwick) and Miss Jean McIntyre (Lindrich) were a fancied young pair who departed in the second round

Mrs. Pearcy and Mrs. Ker (West Kilbride) were another pair of second-round losers, beaten 2 up by Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Mercer

"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry *(Continued from page 269)*

Mrs. J. B. Walker (Troon) and Miss Crawford (Turnberry) lost on the first day at the nineteenth hole to Miss G. Pearson and Miss M. MacGill (Murrayfield). The winners went on to the third round (when Miss McClintoch and Miss Craddock beat them)

Mrs. Rowan-Thomson and Miss J. Mitchell (St. Nicholas) beat their first-round opponents, Mrs. I. Sellars (Balmore) and Lady Allan Hay (Troon). (They lost in the third round to Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson Durham)

it. One of these was Mrs. G. G. Robertson and Mrs. Neill, of East Renfrewshire, giving four strokes to Miss Jean Urie and Mrs. Jameison who, except for winning the first hole, were down all the way, missed a short putt to win at the nineteenth, and holed a longish one instead at the twentieth.

The other excess-length match was won by Miss MacGill and Miss Pearson from Murrayfield, who had the distinction of giving five strokes to Mrs. J. B. Walker, British International, and Miss Crawford, of Turnberry. Mrs. Walker, very pleased with her new stiff-shafted clubs, was hitting the long shots beautifully, but there were a few shorter ones not quite up to her own high standard, and though her long-handicap partner played most pluckily, the opponents were too skilful at collecting all their mistakes into two or three holes and taking the others in good figures.

Not only their defeated opponents, but a good many others as well, looked on the two Jeans, Donald and McIntyre, as a highly dangerous pair. With their splendid length they could reach more holes than most people in two shots, and played very well indeed the first day.

(Concluded on page viii)

Lady Reid Kay (Calcutta) and Miss Stewart Gray (Tollygunge) (first and third from left) beat Miss V. and Miss S. Urie (Turnberry) in the second round. (In the third round they took a 7 and 6 beating from Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Holm)

Mrs. F. G. Neilson (Troon) and Miss Jean McCulloch (West Kilbride) lost their second-round match to Mrs. A. D. MacInnes Shaw and Mrs. R. A. Lennie (Troon). (The Troon pair were beaten in the afternoon by Mrs. Cleland and Miss MacFarlane)

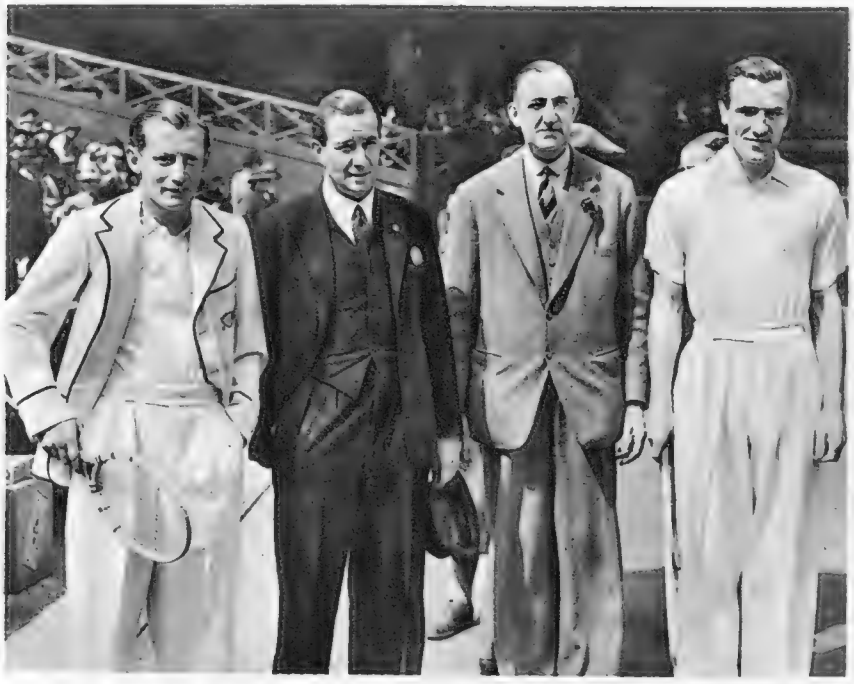
The Graham twins from North Berwick won their first match, but lost their second to Mrs. Ramsey and Miss Jessie Anderson

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY

THE track greyhound is now a definite pedigree breed and on the Staffordshire Moors the Greyhound Racing Association have been developing the strain by a careful and scientific method of mating.

The picture above shows a typical track greyhound bitch with her two young puppies, future White City Champions.

Sportfolio



The Davis Cup Encounter at Brighton

Cricket Engagement

This Brighton group, taken on the first day of second round (European zone) matches for the Davis Cup between Great Britain and New Zealand, consists of C. E. Malfroy (N.Z. captain), Dennis Coombe (N.Z.), F. E. Stowe (non-playing G.B. captain), and Ronald Shayes (Great Britain)

The engagement announced this month between E. R. T. Holmes and Mrs. Judeth Vaughan (left) joins two cricketing families. Holmes is the former Surrey captain and England cricketer. Mrs. Judeth Vaughan is the daughter of the Rev. F. A. G. and Mrs. Leveson-Gower and a niece of Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower

The Duce with British Officers

The team of British officers at the International Horse Show in Rome, seen here at their presentation to Signor Mussolini, were not strikingly successful. The exception was Major J. C. Friedberger, R.H.A. (second in row), who came second for the Victor Emmanuel Cup, on his Maguire, and first in Group II. for the Prix Esquilino. With him in Rome were Major Sheppard (captain), Major Ansell, Capt. W. S. Butler, and Mr. S. R. M. Jenkins

Old Harrovians at their Spring Meeting

The O.H.G.S. held its annual spring meeting at Princes, Sandwich, where the three players above distinguished themselves: A. J. F. Leek (left), who defeated B. Davis by 7 and 6 in the final of the Trevor Matthews Cup; and D. A. M. Rome and Sir Richard Cruise, finalists for the Blackwell-Carlisle Cup. The former won by 2 and 1

Finalists at Sandwich

D. O'Cock and J. N. Sword, R. Mortimer and E. Bleakley were more Old Harrovians in the spring meeting at Princes, Sandwich. All four of them reached the final of the foursomes competition, when Mortimer and Bleakley beat O'Cock and Sword by a hole

This England . . .

Lunesdale

THE English gift for word-pictures is most pleasantly to be seen in the country names for different sorts of assembly. Do you walk upon the hills and you will see a brood of grouse or even, upon some moorlands, a pace of asses. Descending softly through the woods you may disturb a skulk of foxes, while in the marshy lane below, the cattle-drove puts up a wisp of snipe. And so, to the caws of a building of rooks or the admonition of a gaggle of geese upon the green, you reach the inn. There in the cool, where talk may range most naturally from a nide of pheasants to a bench of magistrates, you will gather your company (or troop) about you and set before them "a sparkle of Worthington"—for their sustenance and content.

. . . by Worthington

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Narrow Escapes

WHENEVER you return home after a championship or important golf meeting, especially those decided by match play, you cannot help remembering numerous occasions when, if something unexpected had not happened, or if someone had not experienced an extraordinary slice of good or bad luck, the result would have been very, very different.

At Birkdale this year, the winner of the English Championship had two extremely narrow escapes, and on each occasion there was a time when it appeared that his defeat was certain, yet he managed, by gallant play in a crisis, to squeak out of these tight corners, and he is certainly by no means the only champion who has done so. In fact, it is very difficult indeed to think of a single champion who has not had both a fortunate and a narrow escape from defeat. Bobby Jones was possibly the luckiest of the lot when he won the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews in 1930. The spectators were to a large extent responsible for his non-defeats at the hands of Cyril Tolley and George Voigt. It is quite impossible to estimate how much money these spectators put into Jones's pocket by their inconsiderate behaviour.

ARNOLD BENTLEY at Birkdale was not affected to any great extent by anything the spectators did or did not do. Bentley's first escape was in his match in the fourth round, against G. H. Micklem, who a few years ago was decidedly unlucky not to win the President's Putter. Micklem, who had played admirable golf, was in the happy position of four up and eight to play in his eighteen-holes' match. Suddenly, his putting completely deserted him, and after losing three holes out of six, he missed a really tiny putt to lose yet another hole, and allowed Bentley to square the match on the seventeenth green. Micklem was putting with the same type of club with which those two great putters, E. F. Storey and A. A. Duncan have had many successes. It has a very small face, and looks like an ordinary putting-cleek, with the toe half of the blade removed.

It must be stated in favour of Micklem that, during the whole of the championship week, except just after a shower of rain, the putting at Birkdale was always difficult, yet in no way unfair or tricky. The greens were decidedly fast, but they did not look fast to either the players or the casual observer.

It looked as if Micklem, after putting himself to all square, was to be forgiven after all, as Bentley hit a very quick and snatchy hook from the eighteenth tee. He was lucky to be able to take a wooden club, and went bald-headed for the carry over a cross-bunker; he failed to get hold of the ball, ran round the bunker, and finished a foot or so past the face. Micklem hit a perfect tee-shot, found a close lie, and decided to cut up a spoon shot. He failed to bring the ball round sufficiently, finished on the left edge of the green, chipped up woefully short, and allowed Bentley to get a half in five, for which figure the latter had to work very hard.

The "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase

Samuel Roberts (Prestatyn), the Welsh international and former champion, won the amateur tournament at Pulborough for the "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase. He returned 71+72=143, is with Henry Longhurst, who tied fourth with 149

BENTLEY'S other escape was in his semi-final match against C. W. Mole. Mole, who had played really well the whole way through the championship, stood two up on the fifteenth tee, from where he pushed his tee shot and lost the hole. It was rather extraordinary how many of Bentley's opponents were kind to him at this hole. Bentley put a mashie shot dead at the sixteenth, a hole which was at the time out of range of two shots, and squared the match. It was a great and most courageous shot at a crisis, and was responsible to no small degree for his final victory. Mole holed a putt of about five yards to win the short seventeenth in three, after two bad tee shots. He had holed almost the identical putt in the morning against Crawley, and consequently no one was very surprised to see him hole it again. Mole pulled his tee-shot at the eighteenth, and Bentley, who played a really magnificent brassie shot, won the hole in four.

After a well-played half at the nineteenth Mole had the most cruel luck at the twentieth. At this hole, Bentley pushed his tee shot, and finished more than ten yards to the right of the fairway, where he had the very good fortune to find a good lie; he was able to take a wooden club, but failed to get the ball high enough to carry the bunker short of the green—he pitched short of the bunker, jumped it, and finished at the back of the green. The unfortunate Mole, who was on the fairway and must have been thinking that he had the hole at his mercy, now found that he had to play a good shot to get a half. He played a bad shot, and followed it with a bad chip, and Bentley entered the final. I could not help feeling sorry for Mole.

When we have a four-feet putt apparently for a win, and our opponent suddenly holes from twenty yards in the odd, we always, or nearly always, miss our short putt. On the other hand, if our opponent misses, the odds are greatly in favour of our holing.

GREAT praise is due to Bentley for sticking to his man when things were going ill, for his courageous fighting, and, most important of all, for playing a really good shot when only a really good shot could save him from defeat.

A CORRECTION

In a series of pictures of the Royal Academy of Music in our issue of April 18th, a girl in a photograph of Sir Henry Wood conducting was described as Miss Margaret Mullins. Actually the girl in the photograph was Miss Gwendoline Browne. We much regret the mistake.

A. Stanley Anderson (right), of Minchinhampton, came second in the Gold Vase tournament with rounds of 73 and 72 (=145). He is with H. R. Buckland

R. B. Foster and P. W. L. Risdon were two more Gold Vase competitors; Foster spoilt a first round of 76 by his second; Risdon returned eighth best score, 153

John Beck and Gerard Fairlie were halfway up the list of scores round the West Sussex course in the Gold Vase tournament—Beck with 155, Fairlie with 157

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WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

Empire Air Day. May 20th

By Charles Ward

Royal Air Force pilots from Northolt, practising crazy flying for their display on Saturday next, which is Empire Air Day

The R.A.F. At Home

On Saturday next, May 20th, sixty-three Royal Air Force stations and many civil flying centres will be open to the public. The occasion is Empire Air Day, when proceeds from admission charges of one shilling a head, threepence for children, are devoted to aviation benevolent charities. It was started six years ago by Air Commodore Chamier, who runs the Air League. In the first year, £2400 was contributed to R.A.F. charities. This year, it is expected that the total will exceed £20,000, and that at least half a million people will be most excellently entertained by the displays of flying and the opportunity to go back-stage at all but secret air stations. The R.A.F. has outgrown the Display which used to be a feature of the season at Hendon. Too many people were excluded from watching the Service at work, owing to limitations of space and the difficulty of reaching Hendon from distant parts of the country. Furthermore, modern aircraft are so fast that the more spectacular events of early days no longer have an appeal. On Saturday next everything possible will be on view. The public has a keener interest in the air to-day than ever before. Our lives depend to an overwhelming extent on the efficiency of the Air Arm. Hundreds of thousands of people have a relative or friend in this flying business, and everyone who pays for admission, for a car-park ticket or for a programme, will be contributing their mite towards that fund which helps the dependents of those who are injured or die whilst on duty.

High Spots for London

Formation-flying by twenty-four R.A.F. "Battles" from Boscombe Down, synchronised aerobatics, and the bombing of a car with flour-bags are features of the programme at the London Air Park, Hanworth. Other events at this civil aerodrome, which is also an R.A.F. Elementary and Reserve Flying Training School, will be individual aerobatics by a "Fury" fighter, a demonstration of picking up supplies from the ground, a demonstration of a "Cygnet" fitted with the new tricycle undercarriage, and formation flying by nine members of the R.A.F. with Hawker "Harts." Bombing and supply-dropping by three Lysander aircraft will also be shown, together with a fly-past by a 350-mile-an-hour "Hurricane" fighter, first at high speed and then at low speed. Low-level bombing, wing-formation flying, individual aerobatics, and a fly-past by nine "Hurricanes" will be demonstrated at Reading. Other events will include formation-flying by members of the R.A.F. and aerobatics by four Gloster "Gauntlets." During the afternoon visitors will also see pupils of the Volunteer Reserve receiving training in landings in six "Hawks." A broadcast description of the events will be given by Captain E. D. Ayre, and joy-rides at five shillings will be available in a D.H. "Rapide" from 2 p.m. until dusk. Lucky numbers for holders of tickets and programmes will be announced during the afternoon.

With the Fleet Air Arm

On the day of departure of the King and Queen to Canada, the Fleet, including the flagship Nelson and her sister-battleship Rodney, was under orders to join the Empress of Australia in the vicinity of the Isle of Wight. Once clear of Weymouth, a "Swordfish" torpedo-bomber took off from the deck of the "Ark Royal," and Captain Skene, a Royal Marine officer of the Fleet Air Arm, flew to Gosport to ferry Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsay, Chief of Naval Air Services, back to the carrier, where the Admiral landed at noon. Perfect flying weather prevailed in the afternoon, when four squadrons of aircraft—about half the complement of the "Ark Royal"—were ranged on the deck in readiness to fly off. At the stern stood the Blackburn "Skua" dive-bombers, the first monoplanes to go into service in the Navy. Gleaming in the sun, their metal wings and fuselages gave an unforgettable impression of power and speed. Details of the "Skua" remain closely-guarded secrets. They are at present the fastest aircraft commissioned with the F.A.A., and pilots speak enthusiastically of their performance. Half-brother to the "Skua" is the "Roc," a two-seater fighter in series production at the Boulton Paul factory. This monoplane resembles the "Skua" in all major details except that it is formidably armed for combat with a power-operated gun-turret amidships, whereas the main tactical purpose of the "Skua" is dive-bombing attack on surface targets. The "Sea Gladiator," naval version of the fastest biplane in the Royal Air Force, is also in production for single-seat fighter units of the Fleet Air Arm. Next year the Royal Navy will be able to take to sea more than 700 "first-line" aeroplanes.

Personalities on the "Ark Royal." Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Ramsay, Chief of Naval Air Services, is in the centre, with Vice-Admiral (Aircraft-Carriers) G. C. C. Royle, on the right. The 'plane which has just landed is a Fairey "Swordfish"

Guernsey Airways

Guernsey is on the air map, both for mails and passengers. A glance through the time-table reveals one important fact: frequent departures allow visitors to choose their own time of day for travelling. There are three services every weekday—at 8 a.m., 12.15 p.m., and 5 p.m.—from Southampton; one daily at 1 p.m. from Heston. Special summer week-end services direct to Guernsey from Brighton and Exeter are to be inaugurated on May 27th. Frequent connections between the islands will meet a long-felt want of those who have business interests in Jersey or Alderney as well as Guernsey. Summer visitors to Guernsey will no doubt take advantage of the opportunity of spending a day touring the other Channel Isles. By arrangement with the associated company, Jersey Airways, return-ticket-holders can, if they wish, fly back from Jersey to England. Another facility enables steamer passengers to make the return by air on payment of a supplement.

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Medmenham Scandal

By V. S. Pritchett

It is the modern rationalists, so the doctors say, who run straight to the cranks and the charlatans; and books like *The Castle of Otranto*, things like Wesley's belief in witches, and the morbid preoccupation with the tomb, show that one only has to take the elegant lid off the famous follies of the eighteenth century to discover that the Age of Reason was a turgid cauldron of superstition and unedifying neurosis. The first of the Hell-Fire Clubs, or so-called Friars of St. Francis of Wycombe, founded by Sir Francis Dashwood, was one of the century's more spectacular scandals. Men like the Earl of Sandwich and the hard-headed Wilkes, no doubt grinned as they sat in monk's robes and entertained "nuns" at the faked Abbey of Medmenham, and went through the satanic and blasphemous rites which the libidinous Sir Francis, their founder, delighted in. But the more one reads of the schoolboy lewdness of Sir Francis Dashwood, the more obviously mad he is. He had not developed mentally much beyond the secret society and lavatory-writing stage of adolescence. Reading Mr. Ronald Fuller's excellent account of this not ungenial man, and his friars, and of the final building of that fantastic chapel at Wycombe with its golden ball—large enough inside to seat the twelve "apostles" of the "Order"—one's disgust soon turns to incredulous amusement.

"Hell-Fire Francis" (Chatto and Windus; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is written with a feeling for the style of the time. Escape takes different forms in different centuries. When the eighteenth-century aristocrat took to togas and turbans, and intelligent and wealthy idlers like Sir Francis introduced from Venice and Constantinople a smatter of occultism and the next best English thing to a harem, they were, as Mr. Fuller says, behaving rather like the African native who goes in for gin and a bowler. Sir Francis had started the Dilettanti, before the Gothic fashion, working on a schoolboy mind, led him to his naughty mediæval mumbo-jumbo in the leafy hot-house damp of the Thames Valley. There were boobies in the crew. Grotesques like the pot-bellied Bubb Dodington, nasty men like Paul Whitehead, bad poets both of them, sat beside the gifted Wilkes. It was Wilkes who was said to have released a monkey during the Black Mass, and thereby to have temporarily converted Sandwich into a belief in the devil; and it is the usual comment on public behaviour about obscenity, blasphemy, etc., that when the Earl of Sandwich had Wilkes prosecuted for obscene libel and stopped in his indignant reading of *The Essay on Woman*, the House of Lords shouted as one man for him to go on! That poem killed the club with ridicule.

One can trace a good deal of the eighteenth century's taste for the picturesque surviving in the figure of George Borrow. Borrow is one of the uncouth characters of English literature, and one who badly needed a percipient biographer, who would detach the strands of truth from the mass of lies and poses Borrow built about his life. This justice has been sympathetically done by Mr. Seton Dearden. *The Gypsy Gentleman* (Barker; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is a good book about a difficult man. Borrow was a good bit of a fraud, both as an adventurer and a philologist; he was quarrelsome, a maddening and ludicrous poseur, who had the unhappy art of putting people's backs up. He died in squalor, poverty and utter loneliness, shouting his friends away from his door. But, on the other side, he was a giant of great physical courage and endurance. He could fight. He did in fact walk the 112 miles from Norwich to London in 27 hours, living on a pint of ale, a roll of bread, half a pint of milk and two apples. He had undoubted influence with the gypsies. And around Norwich he was called "a regular old hokkeny"—a fine old trickster. His bitterness and his posing came from two sources: first, under the sentimental vagabondage was an intense desire for respectability—he longed for a sinecure; but, more profoundly, from a melancholia rooted (Mr. Seton Dearden thinks) in sexual impotence. Under the posturing, Borrow was "a case."

"One Pair of Hands"

Another "below-stairs" book is published this week—the reminiscences of a twenty-three-year-old girl who, after her debutante season, went into service as a cook-general, and deals with her experiences as cheerfully as she solves, with the aid of her knee and her chin, the domestic problem in the picture. Monica Dickens, who wrote "One Pair of Hands" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), is a great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens

"Be All My Sins Remembered," by Mara Meulen (Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is one of those first novels which have an excess of ideas and no sense of proportion about them, and yet show a prosaic, sincere talent for bits of real character and life. Paul Willingstone is the son of a disillusioned Anglican charity organiser and the best part of the book is devoted to Paul's suburban youth and to the fantastic Hyde Park orators and so on who hang round his father's office. But, alas! Paul becomes a highbrow of suburbia, with a tedious theory about immortality; he comes to life here and there in his frightened Chelsea love-affairs, and disappears once more into the embarrassing fervour of the country cottage movement, pedal full down. Talent, but muddle.

The Border Country in English fiction is the home of bogeys and the bogus. The mongrel Celtic imagination of the Marches is in itself powerful. In a novelist like Miss Margiad Evans it rises to a cold and lovely lyrical expression; she is a neglected writer. But the arty-crafty tourist fellows, with their solemn cold-comfort farms, their randy farmers and willing wenches and Paul Prys, thrive and embarrass. Mr. Geraint Goodwin is a talented, fluent and capable exponent of this picturesque and dubious stuff. Being highly coloured, at the first flash *Come Michaelmas* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*) looks attractive. Mr. Goodwin has an eye for places, a feeling for atmosphere, and town "characters." He has talent enough to hit off a good scene now and then. People like old Jarman, the tough old magistrate and retired weaver; Harry Happy, the simple giant; Willie Toes Up, the insurance agent who smells out the forthcoming deaths; and bandy Nathan Newell, the huntsman, are well-observed visually, and have the conventional juiciness. But if Mr. Goodwin is good at "characters," he is hopeless with character. Old Jarman's daughters, Edna and Branwen! And Woosnam, the neurotic archæologist! Is it Mr. Goodwin or Mrs. Henry Wood writing:

> "Thank you, I like people to speak . . . the truth."
>
> "No one ever does, Miss Jarman."
>
> "I suppose not," she said, resigned and deeply meditative.
>
> Then she suddenly turned her head to him twisting the osier twig she carried round and round in her hands.
>
> "Am I . . . a bore?"
>
> "No," he said slowly, and with far more seriousness than he had ever intended. "I should not say you were a bore—a very long way from one."

She was not so very far away. Mr. Goodwin writes too often like a parodist of Isaiah. Come Michaelmas, when the farmers were drunk and wenches were apt to be thrown out of their houses in their nightgowns by fuddled husbands—and how those nightbrows slipped!—some real thundery melodrama takes place.

Novels for the Library List

"Mr. Emanuel." By Louis Golding. (Rich and Cowan; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

A Good Home With Nice People. By Josephine Laurence. (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

It Couldn't Happen to Us. By Ann Stafford. (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

And Then the Harvest. By Fidor Ponferov. (Putnam; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

WHETHER you pick your fancy next Wednesday with the proverbial pin or know the stud-book relations of the rankest outsiders you will be aiming to look knowledgable. In a well-cut suit you can't fail to look both charming and knowledgable. Derby Day provides one of the best suit parades of the season, and this is undoubtedly the sort to catch the photographer's eye. You 'll be proud to be seen in it. Jays, of Regent Street, tailor it, in a fine grey striped Saxony suiting. Made to order, 12½ guineas. Notice the smooth rever line, which is obtained by making the revers of single thickness material. The skirt is cut with a group of pleats in front and a single one at the back. Even if your horse rounds Tattenham Corner with nothing on his back but your shirt your own look of smooth efficiency will console you. The suit will be found in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor. They have in this department ready-to-wear flannel costumes from 98s. 6d.; some are trimmed with checked or striped fabric and are delightful for sports and informal wear. The hat in the picture is from the model department. In grey, slightly darker than the flannel, it is stitched and banded with yellow

Shore Successes

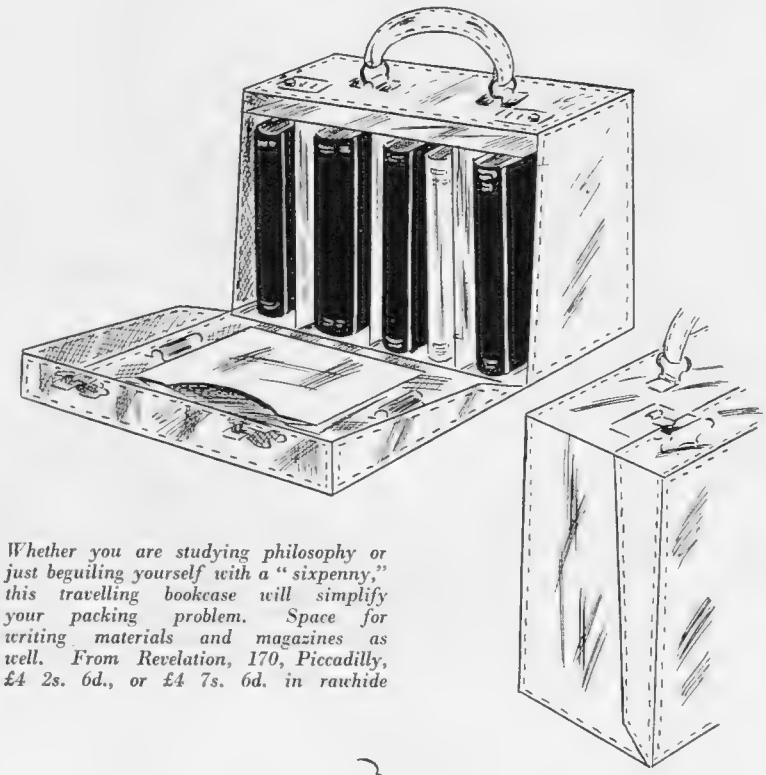
THERE will be times when you *don't* feel like playing " tip-and-run " ; then you 'll stretch yourself luxuriously and gloat over the slick cut and colour of these Jaeger " longs " ; or sit with your spotted skirt around your feet and look up to have your picture taken. You 'll look well in his album in these outfits. Above, pastel-coloured chalk-striped longs (made the unusual way of the material), and on top a thin woollen smock, worn outside, and very becoming to the figure. Both slacks and smock can be bought in all sorts of exciting Jaeger colours—we had pale blue trousers and a golden smock for the picture. This smock, you 'll find, looks enchanting over a bathing suit. It has just the right amount of ingenuousness ; don't forget to stand with your hands in the pockets. The price is 39s. 6d., and the slacks cost the same, in a bewildering number of colours and in four sizes and various leg lengths. The spotted dirndl skirt is made in shantung, and has a very new and feminine appeal. The blouse, of the same material, is made with long sleeves for people who do not tan successfully. If you do tan successfully, ask for it with short sleeves. The colour possibilities are exciting in this outfit too ; in the picture a dark wine shirt and blue skirt. You will enjoy selecting beach clothes in this department ; don't go out of the shop without looking at the trousers—shorts or longs—in pastel-coloured whipcord. This is the material used for riding breeches, so you can rely on the wearing qualities all right. Cut and colour speak for themselves. These can all be seen on the second floor at Jaeger House, Regent Street

Scott Bushe

The Bystander turns in search of Novelties

discovered by peta
pictured by pam

Designed for the Pocket Venus, the little lady who likes costume jewellery, but finds most of it too big for her. Derry and Toms, High Street, Kensington, have this set, with tiny coloured beads—pink, green, turquoise or pearl—twisted with gold wire and gold beads. If you like filigree and dainty jewels you will want this set



Whether you are studying philosophy or just beguiling yourself with a "sixpenny," this travelling bookcase will simplify your packing problem. Space for writing materials and magazines as well. From Revelation, 170, Piccadilly, £4 2s. 6d., or £4 7s. 6d. in rawhide

Three rows of "lucky beans" will raise that proverbial "little dress" from the ranks. These are strung on gilt chain, and each row is a different colour: apple-green, coral pink, mauve; lime, pink, mauve; lime, apple-green and pink. Lovely acid combinations that make you blink and look again. From Harrods, Knightsbridge

The grace of vine jewellery makes a change from the geometricity of marcasite and diamonds. Small pendant-clip earrings and a pendant dress-clip, in blue, green or beige pearls and with gold leaves and tendrils. The necklace has a double bunch of grapes, which gives a new collar-like line. A Harrods set

Gardener's Chronicle

April Trees and Shrubs

By R. C. Jenkinson

Frost

A LOVELY mid-April was followed by our usual dose of late spring frost, which cut the young growth of the earlier rhododendrons, maples, some magnolias, especially M. parviflora—this, being a Japanese, is highly susceptible to frost—and mollis azaleas. All very disheartening, but no permanent damage has been done. As far as the last—azaleas—are concerned, I am tired of them in all but sheltered gardens; while the Ghents and occidentales, and that wonderful race of unknown parentage raised by Anthony Waterer at Knap Hill, are less adventurous, and are untouched by the frosts of late April, awaiting very properly the balmy days and nights of late May and June to display their beauty for both eye and nose. But what amazes me is the resistance to cold of cherries and crabs. The word "blossom," borrowed in this sense from America, I think, is most illegitimately used to cover the cherries, or prunus, and crab-apples, or malus. The April-flowering varieties of these two families of small flowering trees are the glory of an English spring. Now, during the last week of cold I have not seen one of them spoilt—I do not speak of edible fruiting forms. I will therefore describe a selection of the best of them, keeping April only in mind.

Cherries

EVERYONE knows prunus avium flore pleno, double gean or wild cherry: I consider—and I am not alone in my thought—that this is the finest spring-flowering tree. At any rate, it is the first I would plant in my garden, for what else is completely hardy, quick-growing, and as generous in its annual crop of hanging, double-white flowers?

In early April there flowers a Japanese cherry called Sargentii. Of lesser stature, at any rate in this country, its large, single pink flowers open simultaneously with the young coppery foliage—a most beautiful tree, whose value is enhanced by the fact that it has no rival in matter of autumn colour.

How I would love to plant a hillside slope to the west—for the western sun is the most flattering to plants—of this prunus Sargentii, quercus coccinea, the American scarlet oak, and that other glorious early-April flowering tree, prunus yedoensis, called by the Japanese Yoshino. It is a strong, free-growing species that equals the gean in the profusion with which it bears its single cup-shaped, white flowers, which, before they open, stud the tree with pink bubbles.

Now we come to the myriad forms of prunus serrulata and lannesiana, commonly known as "Japanese cherries." They have been appreciated in Japan for more than a thousand years, but have only come but recently to our gardens. I would, however, venture to say that no class of flowering plants has more quickly attained universal popularity. In the face of so many forms, individual taste must differ: I can only give you my own choice. (I will say at once that where all are beautiful, there are too many named sorts from which to choose.)

The variety which masquerades under the name of "Hizakura" has a perfectly good name of its own—Kwanzan. It is a mid-season cherry, of vigorous, upright-branching habit, whose young, light bronze leaves appear at the same time as the double, bright pink flowers. This is the most beautiful of double-pink cherries, but Fugenzo (J. H. Veitch), of less upright habit and a few days later, should for these reasons be in every collection; its flowers are similar.

Blanche Henrey

***Prunus miyako** is a Japanese cherry of spreading habit, with long-stalked, pendulous flowers, pale pink in bud, pure white, semi-double when fully open: one of the loveliest of the family; it is also known as longipes*

Kiku-Shidare—"Weeping Chrysanthemum"—also known as "Cheal's Weeping," is the finest double-pink weeper, a most lovely tree, especially if kept to a good leader for some twenty feet.

Were I limited to one Japanese cherry, I would have the form called Shogetsu, known in this country as longipes, or Oku-Miyako. It is a spreading, flat-head tree, from whose branches the long-stalked flowers hang down, double, pink in bud, and almost pure white when fully open. From its habit, it is best to keep its leader going up, so that the lowest horizontal branches are not less than eight feet from the ground, and one can walk beneath them and see the flower-clusters hanging down.

One of the loveliest, pale-pink doubles is the upright-growing, bronze-leaved Shiro-Fugen. As I saw it to-day, I believe that the loveliest single pink is Mikuruma-Gaeshi, with very large flowers on long stems.

Of the single whites, Tai-Haku has the largest flowers, while Shirotae (Mount Fuji, Kojima) is, I think, earlier and freer-flowering. But a small collection of cherries needs them both.

Lastly, there is that curious variety, Ukon, which has broken away from cherry tradition and has pale greenish-cream flowers, with a double row of petals, and, as they age, a crimson centre. I prefer Ukon planted away from other cherries, perhaps with some of the red-purple leaved prunus, or peach, whose pink flowers have gone before the cherry opens.

Cherry Shapes

ONE word about the shape of our cherries. The fashion to-day seems to be for standards. This is all very well if the situation merits it. For avenues, as specimens, and in large shrub-borders, by all means use standards, but don't forget that they are just as fine allowed to grow as wide-spreading bushes. The finest avenue of them I know is of aged "bushes" of the double, pale-pink Hokusai, in a Dorsetshire garden; they are now, if memory serves, about twenty-five feet high, spreading upwards pyramidally, from ground level. It is only the weeping varieties, and such as Shogetsu, that are best trained to a leader until they have attained the required height.

One other warning: do not buy cherries grafted six or seven feet high; buy them, if possible, grafted at ground level, and run up on straight stems by the nurserymen. You will thus avoid what one often sees in old trees—a thick, warty neck where the chosen variety has been grafted on to the wild stock, very ugly and not conducive to layering or good health.

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"Bira" celebrated his first race under his own Siamese colours—the International Trophy Race at Brooklands—by winning it. His car, a Maserati; his speed, 77·25 m.p.h.

The field moves round the hairpin bend by the pits in the Brooklands International Trophy Race: nearest the camera, No. 22, is H. Brooke in his Brooke Special, which came second at 76·2 m.p.h.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

HERE is a press notice just received from the Royal Automobile Club — "Requests are being received by the R.A.C. from chief constables in various parts of the country for the co-operation of motorists passing through areas where combined 'black-out' and A.R.P. exercises are being held.

"The co-operation requested is simply that drivers should use only their side-lights whilst travelling in the areas affected. This would naturally have the effect of reducing for a certain distance the speed at which the vehicle would be able to travel. The R.A.C. is satisfied, however, that any small inconvenience thus occasioned would be cheerfully borne in view of the importance of all A.R.P. practices, and appeals to all car owners and motor-cyclists to assist the police authorities in the manner suggested."

My own reaction to this is a feeling of irritation at the fact that the R.A.C., representing motoring interests, have not seen fit to suggest that here—at least—cyclists might be called upon to carry rear-lamps.

THE Junior Car Club's International Trophy Race could not be taken as representative of true racing form, for the weather conditions under which it was run were of such a freak nature as to play havoc with everyone. This must not be taken as belittling the fine win scored by "B. Bira"—racing for the first time under Siamese colours. Once again the White Mouse *équipe* won on sheer merit.

It was good to see H. L. Brooke "in the money" at last, after several seasons of dogged, if unavailing, effort, and his new-found consistency is not wholly disconnected from the fact that he had recently installed one of Freddy Dixon's engines in his Brooke-Special. I thought Reggie Tongue was a trifle unlucky not to have finished higher up than third, for his beautiful new Maserati went remarkably well, and at the end of the race there was not a spot of oil to be seen anywhere inside the cockpit. Evans handled his Alfa-Romeo extremely well throughout and once again Percy Maclure showed them all the way to get round corners on both a dry, dusty surface and a wet, muddy one.

The non-appearance of the much-vaunted new E.R.A.'s was a sorry disappointment for the vast crowd, which had come specially to see them, and when they subsequently got soaked through and muddy up to the knees, they must, I fear, have gone home

(Concluded on page iv)

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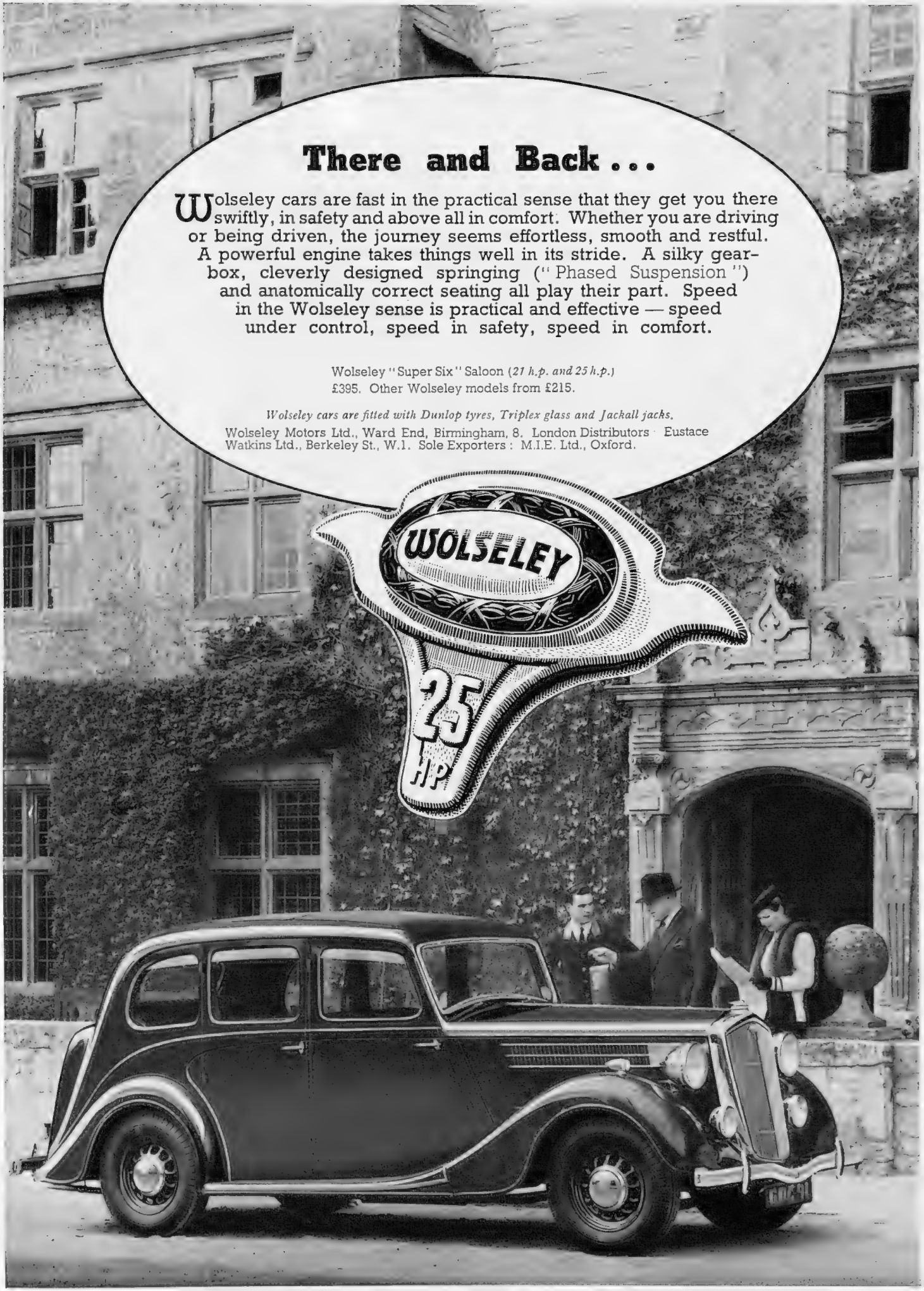
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Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* ii)

from Brooklands with a pretty poor opinion of the so-called allurements of the great sport of motor-racing.

IT is years since the Avon India Rubber Co., Ltd., presented to the motoring public anything so attractive as the new Avon tyre. The outstanding characteristic of this tyre—and one which will be welcomed by all motorists, especially in these days of jaded nerves—is its essentially silent running.

The Avon Company has been making tyres for fifty years, and only now do they present a tyre which they feel to be fully worthy of their craftsmanship. Not only is the new Avon tyre astonishingly silent, but its road-holding and cornering powers are quite exceptional, while the makers also claim a degree of longevity for these new tyres which is remarkable. This last-named feature is largely accounted for by design and constructional methods which promote evenness of wear under all normal conditions.

On the subject of silent running, the Avon experts say: "The most common tyre noises are: A whine at speeds over 40 m.p.h., and a squeal on sharp cornering. Other noises occur, however, and although vaguely apparent to the driver, are difficult for him to define. There is a groan at low speeds, a rumble due to a particular tread design accentuated by certain types of car body, and noise due to suction cups in the pattern of the tyre." These same experts are honest enough to admit that cornering squeal can never be entirely eliminated, but they claim that with the new Avon tyre it is so slight as to be practically indiscernible, while cup noise *is* entirely absent, owing to the fact that this new design embodies no air traps.

High speed whine and low-speed groan have been eliminated by the continuous ribs on the shoulders and the design of the centre traction blocks, of various lengths, which break up any resonance of the sound-waves. This has proved a better method than staggering the pitch of the tread. Finally, the elimination of transverse grooves in the tread has the effect of avoiding rumbling. Thank Avon for "peaceful" tyres!

NEXT Saturday we have the first International Crystal Palace meeting of the season. There will be two races—the International Sydenham Trophy Race for racing cars, which will be run in two heats of 20 miles each, with a final of 32 miles; and the Sydenham Plate, a 10-miles' handicap event for sports cars. As a curtain-raiser to the racing proper, it is proposed to run, from 2.45 to 3.15 p.m., the Scouts' "Soap-box Derby" semi-finals, in which Boy Scouts will pedal their home-made cars on the Stadium Dip section of the circuit.

INCREASED cost of raw materials, improved finish, and additions to standardised equipment have made it necessary for the M.G. Car Co., Ltd., to announce increased prices for all their models, as from May 1st. In the case of the 1½-litre model, the Jackall four-wheel jacks, previously listed as a £5 extra, are now included in the new price.

The range is now priced as follows: "Midget," Series T—two-seater, £225; drop-head coupé, £270; 1½-litre tourer, £295; saloon, £335; folding-head foursome, £360; 2-litre saloon, £398; folding head foursome, £425; 2.6-litre saloon, £450; folding-head foursome, £475

ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY MOTORS have pleasure in announcing that the Prime Minister has again honoured them with an order for a new 25-h.p. limousine, as a replacement of his present Armstrong-Siddeley car. Mr. Chamberlain has used Armstrong-Siddeley cars for the past twelve years.

Caravaning has increased in popularity by leaps and bounds in the past years, and one of the popular models is this Eccles "Imperial." So many Eccles owners are on the firm's books, in fact, that an owners' club has been formed and will hold its first spring rally at Stratford-on-Avon this coming week-end

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The Man Who Grew

(Continued from page 264)

quality in it that had seemed familiar, I found I couldn't recall the voice itself at all. Shaw had a glimpse of the murderer quitting the shop and described him as about five-foot-ten, and the size of the footprints left by the rubber-soled shoes on the linoleum confirmed that. Beyond this there was nothing. He had come from the street unnoticed and wearing gloves, and he 'd slipped away down some of those little passages and deserted mews connecting Cavendish Street with Oxford Street, and dived into the Oxford Circus Tube crowded with returning theatre-goers. Detective stories exploit the difficulties of solving premeditated murder, but the luck element is always present and an impulsive crime is harder to pin on the author because motive seems inadequate. I often question how many murderers look back and wonder why they did it. Almost all, I should say.

" In this case the mystery would never have been solved but for a chance kink of circumstance." Creswell slowly unscrewed the gag.

" With time I 'd ceased bothering about the ownerless voice. Then one day I 'd just dismissed a patient and was standing over there, washing my hands, my thoughts on his case. The door was ajar and I heard my next patient coming down the passage when something about his steps drew my attention. They were groping, uncertain steps that made an unaccountable dragging noise. I couldn't see out of the room, but when the accompanying voice came a second later, speaking to my receptionist, I knew it was the voice I 'd been waiting for—waiting for for years.

" Standing waiting for that door to open I may say I was fascinated. I asked myself what ghost was about to materialise—which friend to be revealed a murderer. It was only for a second, of course, and a drop of sweat falling down my spine moved me to action just as the door swung slowly open to admit—a stranger.

The man was tall and good-looking, growing a little grey. He walked with difficulty, and the dragging noise was made by an uneasy way in which he moved his feet. His face was lined by time and showed indications I thought of sorrow. I also caught a likeness to someone I could not name and, not wanting to seem suspiciously interested in him, saying ' Good day,' I turned to my appointment book to verify his name. ' Mr. George Gifford ' I read, and looking up, I saw him standing there glancing sideways at the mirror and brushing his moustache upwards with his forefinger.

" That small, automatic movement gave me my clue. I knew who it was, and I knew why Jess had been scared by him on that awful night. He had changed in a way so incredible as to be ghastly. It was not that he was older—which was natural—but that he was taller. That sounds simple, but you have no idea how uncanny it looks to see a head you know quite well masquerading on what seems to be someone else's body. I had the powerless feeling one suffers in a bad dream when something is terrifyingly wrong and one is incapable of rationalising it. Anyway, I got him into the chair without giving anything away and, pretending to scrutinise my instruments, I glanced down quickly while he was looking up at the ceiling. That made me creep but confirmed my surmise. His feet were as big as mine but his hands lying along the arms of the chair were as small as a woman's."

I started to speak but Creswell forestalled me.

" Don't close yet, please," he said, and then continued : " I had to make up my mind what to do and, as I said at the beginning, I got the gag in his mouth on some pretext, and then, to make assurance doubly sure, I said, with as off-hand a tone as possible, ' Let me see, usen't I to attend you under the name of Gerald Greer ? ', and as a certain shifty look in his eyes translated itself into fear and blazing anger, I added automatically and unintentionally, ' but how you 've grown ! ' "

Creswell seemed to have finished his story. With his back to me he added :

" After that I sent for the police."

" But what happened ? " My aching jaws functioned with difficulty.

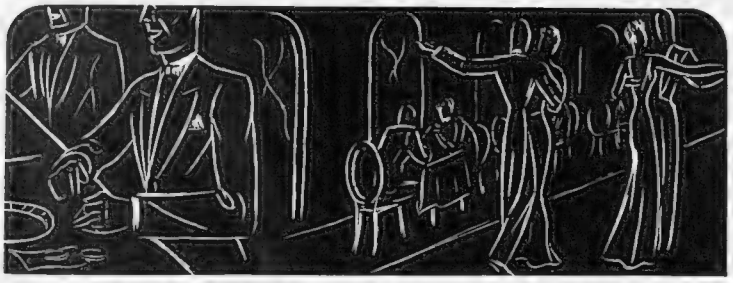
" Well, they didn't hang him—there wasn't enough evidence. He 'd known, of course, someone had overheard him on the 'phone that night, and he couldn't deny he was in the shop, but he didn't know how much they 'd heard or who had heard it. In the box he lied about the interview with Jess, but it 's possible what he said about the rest was true, you know. He probably had come back meaning only to show off his acquired stature, but then, he certainly lost his temper when he heard she was engaged to Philip, and he had the sort of little mind that does resort to violence in a pinch. If it hadn't been for the gag he would have tackled me, of that I 'm sure. Whether he struck Jess or whether she stepped backwards quickly, as he said, and fell, striking her head against the counter, will never be known."

Creswell paused.

" Yes," I broke in impatiently, " but I mean, what had happened to him ? Had he taken some kind of gland ? How was he taller ? "

" Oh, that : he 'd had a fearful smash in his car in France and he 'd had both legs off," said Creswell, " and being a very vain man he 'd had the new ones made six inches longer. He was always a bit unbalanced mentally, you know. He 's in Broadmoor now. Just give a good rinse round, would you ? I 've finished with you for to-day, I think."

THE END.



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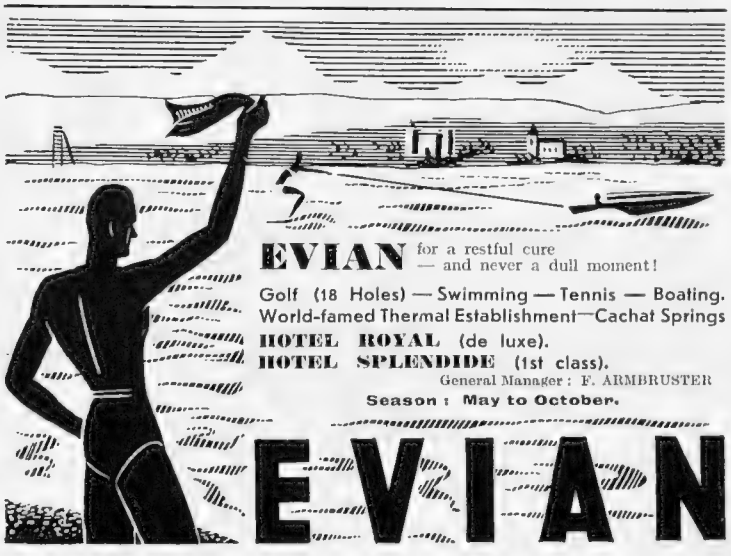

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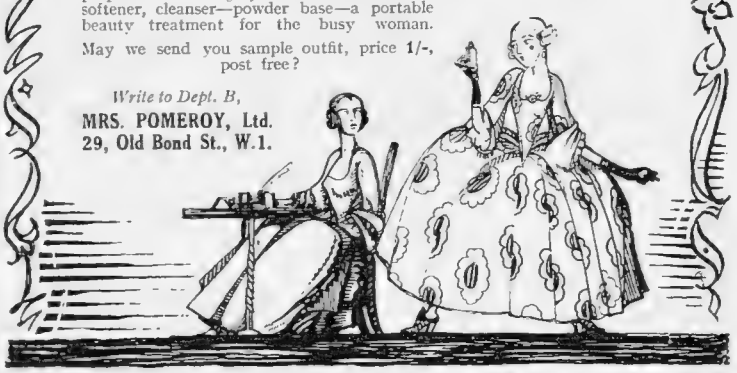

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THE PUBLISHER
THE BYSTANDER
32 ST. BRIDE ST., LONDON, E.C.4

Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry *(Continued from page 272)*

Length was another big factor in why Mrs. Holm and Mrs. Stewart—still affectionately called Scroggie by those who remembered her getting an open championship medal at Turnberry in 1921—could win, apart from the prestige and the play of an open champion. All the same, they were chased to the last green by Mrs. McLelland and Miss Macdonald. Even 4 up and 5 to go was not safe, for back they pulled them, and were only defeated by playing inadvertently to the wrong pin at the seventeenth and a really superb spoon of Mrs. Holm's at the eighteenth.

Another plucky pull-back was achieved by Miss A. G. Henderson and Mrs. Currie, from Barrassie, who squared the match after Miss Mary Pearcy and Mrs. Campbell Ker had been 4 up, and only allowed the latter pair to win by 2 and 1.

A Birkdale pair with a disappointing first day defeat were Mrs. Barbour and Miss Vera Clarke, who won the N.P.F.A. trophy at this year's Northern Foursomes, but Miss Susan Walker and Miss Hazel McGlashan, who beat them 2 and 1, are still going extremely well, their twentieth-hole win in the third round, after turning 3 up and becoming 1 down at the seventeenth, being a great effort.

First match off in the fourth round will be Mrs. Burnside and Mrs. Jones against Mrs. Rutherford and Miss M. W. Robertson, Durham, of the Coullane family of golfers.

After them come Mrs. Eckford Wallace and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, who had second and third round victories worthy of their position as holders, winning 5 and 4 and 6 and 5. They play Mrs. Johnson and Miss K. Clark who, with a bye into the second round and a walk-over in the third, have had an easy time.

Mrs. Mackay and Miss Reid are a Turnberry pair playing off thirty who won their third round 2 up against a 6-handicap couple, Mrs. J. N. Duncan and Mrs. W. Mercer.

Now they meet Miss Susan Walker, who has won these Foursomes with Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, and Miss Hazel McGlashan, who are a very sound pair at 19 handicap, and showed it especially when beating Miss Tweedie and Miss Butter at the twentieth after losing all of a once-commanding lead.

Mrs. Ballantine and Miss Betty Henderson, the latter Ayrshire and West of Scotland champion, come next, having put out the fancied youngsters, Jean Donald and Jean McIntyre, and also Miss Gray and Miss Ross. So it is up to Mrs. Andrew Holm, with the valuable aid of Mrs. Stewart, to see if she can avenge her sister's defeat: if she is up to her old habits of chip-holding, as she was to-day against that gallant pair from Calcutta, Lady Reid Kay and Mrs. Stewart Gray, who can resist her?

Miss Carswell and Mrs. Zuill have to tackle Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. Ramsay, the former having performed prodigies of valour from bunkers and what-nots to win rather shakily on the eighteenth and seventeenth greens.

Miss Jean McLintock has a valuable young partner in Miss Craddock, who brings good shots as well as many strokes to the partnership, and now they meet Miss Robertson Durham and Miss Nimmo, who won this event when it was played here at Turnberry over the Arran course three years ago, and are playing very convincing golf this week.

Mrs. Cleland and Miss Macfarlane had the biggest win of the week on Wednesday morning—8 and 7 giving two strokes—and now they tackle Miss Nan Baird and Miss Pam Brown, who had a gallant afternoon survival giving nine strokes.

Then come Mrs. McFadzean and Miss Winnie Macdonald, who have only played one match so far, and now meet, last but very far from least in the sixteen, Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Bridget Jackson. They are the backmarkers, with a joint handicap of 2, and the only thing to say about them is that their golf has been worthy of it, for they gave ten strokes and eleven strokes, and won by 7 and 6 and 6 and 5, going out in the morning in 39. And L.G.U. par out is 40.

If anybody does better, they will win, and deserve to.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

April Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Cuming	Stanmore	83	16	67	74	7 below
Mrs. Goodman	Exeter	80	11	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Scott	Gullane	77	5	72	76	4 "
Mrs. Crabbe	Barrackpore	80	11	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Craigie	Huyton	82	13	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Cooper	Camberley Heath	87	18	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Mackean	Aberdovey	77	5	72	75	3 "
Miss J. Johnstone	Lyme Regis	79	9	70	73	3 "
Miss Coward	Childwall	78	9	69	72	3 "
Mrs. A. H. H. Gilligan	Ranelagh	68	4	64	66	2 "
Mrs. Tiddy	East London, S.A.	86	12	74	76	2 "
Mrs. Rawlings	Hamilton, N.Z.	82	12	70	72	2 "
Mrs. Woodford	Datchet	90	18	72	74	2 "
Miss Jean Donald	Murrayfield	79	7	72	73	1 "
Mrs. Nichols	Northampton	82	9	73	74	1 "
Miss B. Harvey	Beaconsfield	86	12	74	75	1 "
Mrs. Green	Eastbourne Downs	84	14	70	71	1 "
Mrs. Reynolds	Aldburgh	89	15	74	75	1 "
Mrs. W. P. Blyth	Barrackpore	89	15	72	73	1 "
Mrs. Spackman	Northampton	91	18	73	74	1 "
Miss Adams	Northampton	91	18	73	74	1 "
Mrs. F. Hardy	Sherwood Forest	89	15	74	74	All square
Mrs. Watkin	Grange Park	89	15	74	74	" "
Mrs. Page	Beverley	88	15	73	73	" "
Mrs. Heap	Bloxwich	91	17	74	74	" "
Mrs. H. Guedalla	Addington	78	2	76	75	1 above
Mrs. Fortescue	North Hants	87	12	75	73	2 "
Mrs. Andrews	Eastbourne Downs	90	17	73	71	2 "
Mrs. Musgrave	West Bradford	88	14	74	71	3 "
Miss I. Kemp	Worksop	87	14	73	70	3 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Deuchar	North Berwick	90	31	59	75	16 below
Mrs. Colman	Coulsden and Purley	92	34	58	70	12 "
Miss Young	Seaton	91	27	64	75	11 "
Mrs. Hurd	Norwood	87	32	55	66	11 "
Mrs. D. Watson	Barrackpore	98	35	63	73	10 "
Miss Steele	Exmouth	97	36	61	71	10 "
Mrs. Kennedy	North Hants	94	30	64	73	9 "
Mrs. Hay	Aldershot Command	84	19	65	73	8 "
Mrs. Buston	Grange Park	101	35	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Nathan	Calcutta	100	36	64	72	8 "
Mrs. Syme	Coulsden and Purley	98	36	62	70	8 "
Mrs. W. Sharpe	Barrackpore	89	23	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Halse	West Kent	94	25	69	76	7 "
Miss Flynn	Cleveland	103	36	67	74	7 "
Miss L. Manasseh	Calcutta	101	36	65	72	7 "
Miss P. B. Heeley	Sutton Coldfield	88	19	69	75	6 "
Mrs. McCarthy	Ranelagh	80	20	60	66	6 "
Mrs. Massey	Northenden	89	22	67	73	6 "
Lady Malcolm Campbell	Dyke	99	33	66	72	6 "
Mrs. Gibson	Macclesfield	88	21	67	72	5 "
Miss Nicholson	Camberley Heath	90	22	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Hadfield	Ormskirk	92	23	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Browne	Wallasey	97	29	68	73	5 "
Mrs. McCaskie	Calcutta	100	33	67	72	5 "
Mrs. Spiller	Alderley Edge	103	36	67	72	5 "
Mrs. Mein	Sherwood Forest	92	22	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Houghton	Wigan	98	28	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Illingworth	Huyton	98	29	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Gatacre	Camberley Heath	105	36	69	73	4 "
Miss J. Hanson	West Bradford	98	31	67	71	4 "

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Sec. of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Whitley — Forrester-Paton

Oliver John Whitley, son of the late Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, Speaker of the House of Commons, and the late Mrs. Whitley, and Elspeth Catherine Forrester-Paton, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Forrester-Paton, of the Gean House, Alloa, Clackmannanshire, were married at Moncrieff Church, Alloa

Smith — Reinold

Harold Thomas Smith, of Cahir, Co. Tipperary, son of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Conybeare, Northam, Devon, and Betty Marion Reinold, daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Reinold, of Southbrook, Havant, Hants., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Palmer — Slack

Captain Gerald Michael Palmer, Royal Artillery, and Diana Ursula Deane Slack, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Slack, of Woolsery, Middle Warberry Road, Torquay, were married at Wolborough Church, Newton Abbott. The bride-groom is the son of the late Lt.-Col. Cecil Palmer, and Mrs. J. Palmer, of Claines, Holybourne, Hants.

Chance — Brand

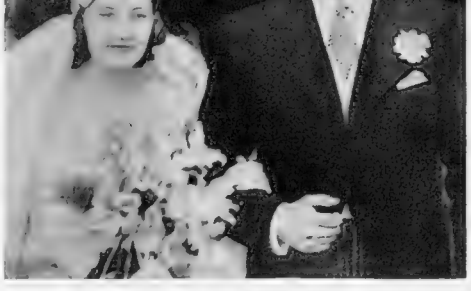
Leslie Gerald Chance is the son of the late Sir Arthur and Lady Chance, of 90, Merrion Square, Dublin. Margot Brand is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Brand, of Harecombe, Crowborough, Sussex. They were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Eraut — Hurst

Captain Ruarc B. S. Eraut, Royal Corps of Signals, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Eraut, of Cambridge, and Frances Hurst, third daughter of the late T. R. Hurst, and Mrs. Hurst, of Beach House, Bantry, Co. Cork, were married at St. Mary's, Alverstoke, Hants.

Verrall — Savory

Godfrey Thomas Verrall, son of the late Sir Jenne Verrall, and Lady Verrall, of 30, Beaufort Road, Reigate, Surrey, and Argemone June Savory, eldest daughter of Sir William Savory, Bt., and Lady Savory, of Woodlands, Stoke Poges, Bucks., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Fleury — Hatwell

Louis Fleury, Lieutenant in the 2nd French Cavalry Division, son of the late M. Fleury and Mme. L. Fleury, of Monte Carlo and Geneva, and Joan Andrews Hatwell, only child of Mrs. R. L. Andrews Hatwell, of High Peak, West Cliff, Bournemouth, were married at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Bournemouth

Kemenyffy — Scott-Paine

Thomas Kemenyffy, son of the late Eugene Kemenyffy, and Mrs. Imre Bruchsteiner, of Budapest, married Joyce Scott-Paine, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Scott-Paine, of Weston, near Southampton, at St. Patrick's, Woolston. The bride's father is the well-known motor-boat designer

Scott-Elliot — Von Gröller

Walter Scott-Elliot, of Arkleton, Langholm, Dumfriesshire, married Reichsedle Maria Alice Von Gröller, daughter of the late Captain Reichsritter Alexander Von Gröller, formerly of the Austro-Hungarian Navy, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

Pearl Freeman

Georgina Shuttleworth

Is the younger daughter of Captain and the late Mrs. Shuttleworth, of Dunannie, Petersfield, Hants., and is engaged to Leonard Clough-Taylor, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Clough-Taylor and Lady Mary Clough-Taylor, of Droxford Manor, Hants.

Basil Shackleton

Rhona Stileman

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Stileman, of Bombay; she is to marry Giles Guthrie, only son of Sir Connop and Lady Guthrie, of Brent Eleigh Hall, Lavenham, Suffolk. Her fiancé won the Johannesburg Air Race and the King's Cup Race while at Cambridge

Navana

Jane Tyrwhitt-Drake

Is the second daughter of the late E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake and Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Fulmer, Bucks., and is engaged to C. Innes Winstanley, elder son of Major and Mrs. Winstanley, of Rownhams House, near Southampton

Lenare

Mary Kathleen Whetherly

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Stobart Whetherly, of New Mile Chase, Ascot; she has announced her engagement to Louis Cass, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cass, of Pasadena, California

Lenare

Shela Patsy Price

Is the daughter of Mr. G. P. Price and the late Mrs. Catherine Price, of Beechfield, Petworth; she is to marry Claude William Hynman Allenby, son of the late Capt. F. C. H. Allenby, R.N., and Mrs. Allenby, of Graden, Earlswood Road, Redhill, and brother of Lord Allenby

Catherine Bell

Rosemary Aileen Welton

Is the elder daughter of Mr. Edward Welton, of 31, Knightsbridge Court, S.W.1, and of the late Mrs. Welton, and is engaged to Mark Palmer, only son of the late Godfrey Mark Palmer, M.P., J.P., of Grinkle Park, Loftus, Saltburn, Yorks.

(Concluded on page D)

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Getting Married *(Continued)*

Catherine Bell

Edwina Doreen Thomas

Is the only child of Captain and Mrs. T. I. G. Thomas, of 58, Woodland Way, Gorringe Park, Mitcham, Surrey; she is engaged to Desmond Ian Court Eyres, R.A.F., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Eyres, of Port Said, Egypt

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Monro Weaver

Elizabeth Weaver is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. H. W. Weaver, of Chithurst, Sussex, lives at Westcott House, Rockbeare, near Exeter; her fiancé is Roger Edward Ralli Robinson, The Devonshire Regiment, only son of Paymaster-Commander A. A. E. Robinson, O.B.E., and Mrs. Robinson, of Thatch Cottage, Chideock, Dorset

Kay and Foley

Margaret Lois Sharpe

Margaret Sharpe is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Sharpe, of St. Albans, Balfour Road, Southport; she is to marry John Holden, second son of the late Sir George Holden, Bt., and Margaret Lady Holden of Kenyon, Lancs.

Burrell and Hardman

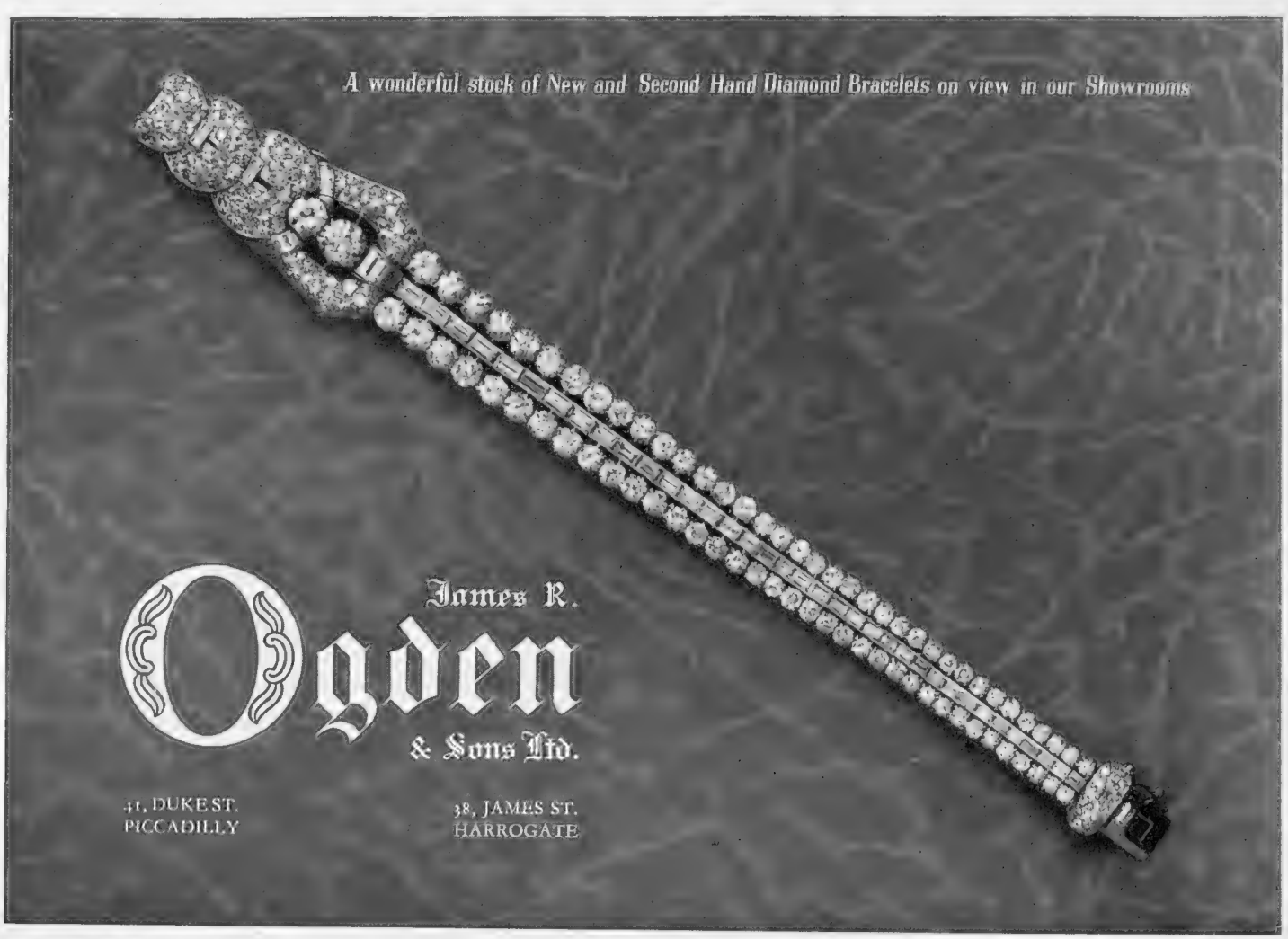
Hazel Robins

Hazel Robins is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Robins, of Purley, Caldy, Cheshire; her fiancé is Patrick Campbell Hall, fourth son of the late John Hall and Mrs. Hall, of Broughton Hall, Staffordshire

Lenare

Sheilah Threlfall

Sheilah Threlfall is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Threlfall, of 75, Kensington Palace Mansions, W.8; she is to marry Captain Charles E. Whitaker, The East Yorkshire Regiment, only son of Lieut.-Col. C. L. Whitaker, of 35, St. John's Wood Court, N.W.8



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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 17—May 23

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 120.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

CINEMAS

LA BÊTE HUMAINE (French).—Jean Gabin, Simone Simon in a sombre, strong film almost true to Zola's original: Paris.

DARK VICTORY (American).—Bette Davis makes a tour de force as a socialite girl who meets disaster courageously: Warner.

THE DUKE OF WEST POINT (American).—The U.S. version of the fashion for military academy stories—a tough, patriotic, sporting tale of America's Sandhurst: London Pavilion. (Till Sunday.)

"Third Party Risk"

One but not the worst of the interruptions for the illicit week-enders at the St. Martin's Theatre are these hikers: Gillian Adams, Ronald Shiner, Nora Swinburne, John Wyse

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—Korda's latest from Mason's book has John Clements, Ralph Richardson C. Aubrey Smith, June Duprez: Odeon.

LES GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—A magnificent, vivid canvas of circus life by Jacques Feyder with Françoise Rosay: Berkeley.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Marble Arch Pavilion.

JAMAICA INN (British).—This new Pommer film from Daphne du Maurier is a tough, rough period piece about wreckers; Laughton heads a strong cast: Regal.

J'ETAIS UNE AVENTURIÈRE (French).—Edwige Feuillère gets into a lot of scrapes, finishes in Jean Murat's arms: Academy.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS (American).—Richard Greene and Anita Louise support Princess Shirley: New Gallery.

LOVE AFFAIR (American).—Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne act well in a simple, charming romance: Carlton.

MIDNIGHT (American).—John Barrymore, Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, Francis Lederer, in a social drama of Paris: Plaza.

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice, Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin and her friends again, as charming and musical as ever: Leicester Square.

TROIS VALSES (French).—From a successful play, this film tells the story of three generations' loves; Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay: Curzon.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (American).—Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven in this good film of the Brontë novel: Gaumont.

Premiere

ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET (American).—Hardy (without Laurel), Alice Brady and Billie Burke; premiere in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London: London Pavilion, Mon., 22nd.

OPERA and BALLET

COVENT GARDEN:

IL TROVATORE (Gui).—To-night, 17th, 8.
PARSIFAL (Weingartner).—Thurs., 18th, 5.45.
TOSCA (Gui).—Fri., 19th, 8.30.
LA TRAVIATA (Gui).—Mon., 22nd, 8.15.
IL TROVATORE (Gui).—Tues., 23rd, 8.

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.—Thurs., 18th, 8.30.
CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and I PAGLIACCI.—Fri., 19th, 8.
IL TROVATORE.—Sat., 20th, 2.30.
LA BOHEME.—Sat., 20th, 8.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY.—The Budapest ballet in a representative national programme of music and dance: Adelphi.

BALLETS JOOSS.—The German ballet company starts a repertory season at the Old Vic, Mon., 22nd.

MUSIC

Recitals

YVETTE GUILBERT.—Wigmore Hall, Fri., 19th, 8.30 (songs); Tues., 23rd, 3 (Baudelaire).

London Music Festival:

B.B.C. BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—The orchestra under Toscanini in the 1st Leonora overture, 7th and 8th symphonies: Queen's Hall, to-night, 17th, 8.15.

R.P.S. PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The New Hungarian String Quartet in works by Mozart, Bartok, and Brahms: Wallace Collection, Thurs., 18th, 8.30.

R.P.S. MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The Griller string quartet and the B.B.C. singers under Leslie Woodgate in folk songs, madrigals and chamber music: Great Hall, Hampton Court Palace, Fri., 19th, 7.30.

LONDON JUNIOR ORCHESTRA.—Ernest Read conducts in a Bax, Haydn, Elgar programme; also Myra Hess in Schumann's piano concerto in A minor: Queen's Hall, Sat., 20th, 3.

BAND CONCERT.—Callender's massed bands under Tom Morgan, including Handel's Music for Royal Fireworks, to be followed by a firework display: Hampstead Heath, Sat., 20th, 7.30.

B.B.C. BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—The orchestra under Boult in the 2nd Leonora overture, violin concerto in D (Adolf Busch) and piano concerto in G (Solomon): Queen's Hall, Sun., 21st, 3.

B.B.C. BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—The orchestra and choral society under Toscanini in the 3rd Leonora overture, overture and ballet music from *Prometheus*, Choral Symphony: Queen's Hall, Mon., 22nd, 8.15.

CHURCH MUSIC.—Organ and choral concert: St. Paul's Cathedral, Tues., 23rd, 6 p.m.

SHOWS

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.—Royal Chelsea Hospital gardens, to-day, 17th to Fri., 19th.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.—The fighting forces show their paces as entertainers: Olympia, from Thurs., 18th, 2.30 and 8.

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BRIDGE HEAD.—A gripping and well charactered play about the Irish Land Commission at work—Commissioners Wilfrid Lawson and Stephen Murray hold the stage: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood: Whitehall, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—How some American prospectors for Spanish gold burst on to life in remote Scotland: Criterion, 8.30.

INQUEST.—From the Embassy, this fair thriller is set in a coroner's court, with Herbert Lomas, Hilda Trevelyan, Antoinette Cellier: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE INTRUDER.—Eric Portman heads a distinguished cast including Mary Hinton and Jill Furse in this entanglement of emotions; well translated from François Mauriac's *Asmodée*: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Aldwych, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan continue their jolly matrimonial worries; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor; Owen Nares and Edith Evans; cheap seats: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—The rural thriller with Beatrix Lehmann as a too convincing homicidal nymphomaniac maid: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THIRD PARTY RISK.—A good thriller with a new idea in body-line; Nora Swinburne, John Wyse: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes with a 1938 pro- and epilogue to avoid démode is Ivor Novello's new musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8.0. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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London Nights

Stars and Celebrities Eat and Drink

For the "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

I THOUGHT that my own opinions on places, foods and wines must be getting somewhat reiterative. So I have tried to give you a cross-section on the restaurants in question of stars of stage, screen and radio. To show you what they eat, and where they went. They have been very kind to let themselves be thus harried by me, and to allow their private eating to become public copy. I am grateful to them, and hope they'll let me do it again some time.

The Ritz

Owen Nares

TO lunch at the Ritz went Owen and Mrs. Nares; "Robert" and "Robert's" wife. They took light, but knowledgable, toll of the good things offered on the left page of the menu (the recommendations of the day). Hors d'œuvre, filets of sole, slices of grilled baby lamb, and, to accompany, leaf spinach and pommes purées. Finally, asparagus, green and melting. To drink, they did not call for the wine-list, lest they be tempted. Vichy water and coffee is as much as they have for lunch when they can help it, and that is what they had; though Owen Nares knows his wines, and can order them with dogmatism on occasions.

Such meals, and even lighter and simpler, find many takers among the exceedingly smart crowds that throng the Ritz for lunch every day. That restaurant, with its big windows flanking the Park, is where the ladies of society like to be taken when they have had their hair done and have bought new clothes. They drink a cocktail, eat something-and-salad, talk critically, see their friends, scrutinise their clothes, and go off to matinée, committee or bridge. At lunch-time the Ritz is rarely anything but full. The great of all nations come, and, if you want a special table, you must ring Aletto before you go.

At evening, for dinner and supper, the throngs are less, conversation is quieter. But food, wine and service remain perfection, as they have been at the Ritz from the beginning, and will be. There is no dish that the chef will not make you with mastery, but they love to see their good customers come again and again, for sole, and lamb, and Vichy.

The Dorchester

A. P. Herbert

IT was after a public dinner that A. P. Herbert and his wife slipped off to see the new supper show at the Dorchester the other night. Nobody to bow to, no speeches to make: for once A.P.H. was entertained instead of being publicly entertaining. Of the great supper potentialities they chose sparingly; smoked salmon, cream of asparagus soup, salad, and then strawberries. They drank cocktails, and then whisky and soda and orange juice. And they saw the midnight edition of "The Dorchester Floor Show," another winner at the command of Henry Sherek.

Naunton Wayne is back, his stories taller than ever, his delivery as inconsequential and ingenuous as his most ardent fans can want. Kay Kimber sings, Brantley and Linda dance, Helen Bennett looks "drenchingly beautiful," and Robert Alton's "Stars of To-morrow" drive the choruses with a swing, dancers and actresses all. Wayne is the sole British representative in a host of Broadway talent, and international comparisons would be odious. It's a great show, a little longer than the 10 o'clock programme, but no more spectacular. A restaurant could hardly offer more.

Maurice Winnick plays for dancing or for listening. As you prefer. There are always many focuses for attention from which to choose at the Dorchester of an evening. The people, the clothes, the food, the wines, the two shows, Naunton Wayne; and, Sir, if you are sensible, your very best girl.

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Grosvenor House

Carl Brisson

JUST the other day Mayfair's newest floor show opened at Grosvenor House. Yclept "Grosvenor Gambols." When I say that Carl Brisson went to see them off the mark on the opening night, I have to add that he also went on the second night, his party being only slightly smaller on the latter occasion. Which shows that Mr. Brisson knows where he likes going.

In parties of such dimensions one loses track of idiosyncrasies of food and drink, and watches reactions to the show out in front. Judging by the laughter of the Brisson party (which is a good way of judging), the turns were up to the usual Grosvenor House standard. Judging by my own cackles, I would say that — well, I can give no higher praise than concurring with the Brissonians.

It 's a fine show. Vic Oliver is in colossal form, with a machine-gun rattle of jokes, many of them at the expense of the audience, many others aimed at "friendly nations," and almost all slight eyebrow-raisers. Which is O.K. by the audience, too. You should see and hear him giving comparative announcements in English, French and German. These will live, with his violin, as vintage Oliver. Gali-Gali produces his live chicks from the most hair-raising places. Ruth and Billy Ambrose are American dancers with a swing of charm. Frederick Bush sings. Earl Leslie produces and the twelve Girls are great advertisements for our Empire, whence they all hail. All Hail!

Spot number is, probably, "Let 's Go to Hell," where the restaurant becomes somewhat Miltonic in sympathy. "A Holiday in Paris," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," and "Red-Hot Rhythm." You know the form. You 'll go without my recommendation. Dancing to Sidney Lipton.

The Carlton Grill

Ivor Novello and Dorothy Dickson

WHEN Ivor Novello went with Dorothy Dickson to the Carlton Grill, I was pleased that they should be my selected, not only because I know it is a favourite of them both, but because, ever since I saw the new mural decorations there, I have associated them in my mind not with strict history, though they rate that, but with Max Beerbohm's story, in the play from which Ivor Novello was the great Lord George Hell. But one or two Years have Danced forward since then, and it was a 1939 pair to whom Charles administered to-day.

They had lobster cocktail, entrecôte Chez Soi, fresh peas à la menthe, ananas Tout Paris and pâtisseries. Two nice lunches for two charming people in a room that attracts such, a rendezvous fast becoming as popular to the young and the lovely as it has always been for big business, Americans and frank gourmets.

Charles in the grill greets you as a friend, treats you as a friend, and there is never a hitch. Quietness is all. Tables are spaced well away from each other, there is a multitude of corners, niches and sofa seats. New decorations, in the grill itself and in the ante-room for cocktails. Reds and browns and buffs that set off a girl's looks well, and lighting that goes one better still.

Dinner, especially theatre dinner, is an occasion here also. And always you have the right to try out one of the most famous cuisines in the world.

Ever since Edward VII., by his own example, made society dining-out fashionable in restaurants, the Carlton, which he specially favoured, has made and kept a place for itself at the top of the list. Royalty, visiting and otherwise, find comfort and haven here. And recently James Roosevelt has been in and out and in again.

Prunier's

DIANA WYNYARD knew of the Prunier supper attractions almost as soon as Mme. Prunier started organising them. *Design for Living* is playing within easy walking distance across St. James's Square, and there is a sort of informality about the supper-time atmosphere at Prunier's that attracts stage people, talkers, writers,

Diana Wynyard

a wit or two, and then more stage people. You don't have to change, for one thing. There is no music, for another. For another there is the prix fixe supper for 6/6, called Souper Intime, and including a glass of wine to your choice, as well as three generous courses of Prunier food.

Go in yourself one evening, not necessarily yourself to be seen, nor to see others, but to get the feel of the place, and find how it changes as the evening hours pass. You probably wouldn't lunch at Prunier's in tweeds or grey trousers. Nor perhaps dine that way. But after 10 you can, and people do.

Diana Wynyard took a party there after the 150th performance of *Design for Living* the other night—a party of acting and writing talent. They had the summer Brittany oysters, a speciality of the house after the "r" has gone out of the month. Two of them had pancake filled with breast of chicken to follow, one crabe Indienne served in the shell, the fourth a "croustade de fruits de mer," a vol-au-vent filled with many kinds of sea food. They drank Sancerre with it, and finished with ice-cream, cheese, coffee and brandy. Aside from the brandy, all those come under the 6/6 ruling, and there are choices of about twenty different things for each course. It was—Dianæ sumus in fide—very good.

Park Lane Hotel Grill Room

Rex Harrison

Rex Harrison came with friends to lunch at the Park Lane Grill on a day when there was no matinée of *Design for Living* to follow. This pleased Porchet, the maître, because it gave him an opportunity to work them up a meal with a beginning, a middle and an end, which Aristotle says is what a meal should have. Grape fruit cocktails, Coulibiac de Saumon, grilled tournedos Bernaise, with peas and new potatoes, fruit salad from the trolley, and coffee. To drink, the Montrachet '29. It went with a swing all through, especially the Coulibiac, which is a pet of Porchet's. It is salmon cooked in a pancake, with rice, mushrooms, hard-boiled eggs and sturgeon's marrow. Served with melted butter and sauce prepared from fish stock.

When Americans, who come a lot to the Park Lane, send Porchet postcards from the ends of the earth, it is to the Coulibiac that they generally refer as a bond between them. He gets a lot of post-cards. In fact, he has a host of friends. And they come back about the time that his Coulibiac is in spate, and ask for more.

The grill of the Park Lane is dark-panelled and quiet, with a group of mirrored columns in the middle which reflect the flowers and faces with amusing redundancy. Here you come for a meal that costs you a good deal less than you probably expect. Say 5/- for lunch; 7/6 for dinner, and a great deal for the money. You can have the set meal, or by the card. If you choose the former, and perhaps are going to a theatre afterwards, you can be sure that it comes to you rapidly, and exquisitely cooked. Young men take their girls there and gain kudos. Men take clients and get contracts. They all ask for Porchet, and get fed like princes.

London Casino

Ladies and gentlemen, here 's Oliver Wakefield to tell you about La Revue Bal Tabarin, from the Bal Tabarin, Paris.

"Terrific show! Hugh Rignold's orchestra playing for lots of lovelies who come on with hardly any . . . I mean in this hot weather you can't blame the girls . . . they start where others leave off a bit . . . you see . . . houses are full every night and patrons say. . . . Then there is, of course, the other side of the . . . picture a man, any man . . . producing a show like this . . . short-sighted . . . with his spectacles . . . or tableaux, as they say in Paris . . . you know, it 's all very honi soit qui malice afore . . . you see . . . it must be . . . here *is* something. . . . I mean they come on the stage in all their . . . I mean with*out* all their . . . you see, the women take it rather philosoph . . . rather casually . . . the men forming easily the more enthusiastic part of . . . the ordeal of trying to divide your attention between melon rafraîchie, consommé Galitzine, filet de sole à la Façon des Pecheurs Cauchois,

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"Hullo, Margery! Tom tells me you are taking the kids to see the Panda on Saturday, so I thought we might make a party."

"Let's. Meet us at the Zoo North Gate at 10.30."

"Right! And Tom says he'll stand us all lunch afterwards, before the flicks."

"But we'll be such a crowd! It'll cost a fortune to lunch us all."

"Not at the Café de l'Europe! Don't you know it? Time you did. Leicester Square—on the corner between the Warner Theatre and the Empire—handy for lots of cinemas. Splendid service, excellent food—and cheap. 2s. 6d. a head, so won't ruin anyone. O.K. then. Bye-bye till Saturday!"

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Oliver Wakefield

and Suprême de Volaille Sauté Nantaise, and glamorous young . . . women always have upset my life, and now they have to upset my . . . dinner should be eaten in . . . you see, the dinner was so good and the lovely young women were so . . . bad as business is with all this talk of encirc—and aggress . . . I mean fifteen-and-a-kick for all that and dancing to Jack Harris's . . . band yourselves together and go in parties, and if dinner is too early, there's supper from 11 to 2 at 10 and a . . . Saturdays, of course, it costs a bit more—seventeen-and-a—lot of people go on Saturday . . . terrifically good fun . . . I mean sixty million Frenchmen can't be wrong when you know . . . then there's Derby night—that's extra, of course . . . I mean only 25/- for dinner . . . special one, you know, and 21/- for supper . . . and the revue and the dancing . . . and those lovely women are just too utterly, too perfectly, too utterly . . ."

Maison Basque

ROBERT DOUGLAS and his wife, Dorothy Hyson, were at the Maison Basque one recent Monday night, with two friends for dinner before the theatre. They chose the table at the end of the room facing you as you come in—a commanding site, but, like practically every one of the tables at this pleasant restaurant, this feels private and cornered. Bassi looked after them, and the chef-patron, Bagole, came up in his robes of office to see that his dishes were getting their meed of "Ah's!"

Robert Douglas and Dorothy Hyson

They had Apéritives Biarritz (langoustines and lettuce with mayonnaise sauce), chicken soup, filet sole "Jean Borotra," wings of chicken Basquaise, with young vegetables "à l'Isigny," asparagus, soufflé "Danielle Darrieux" (a dreamy cheese savoury), some of the petits fours of the house, and coffee. They drank a Chambertin worthy of that menu, and it was a joy to Bagole to have his pet dishes asked for and appreciated.

La Maison Basque, Restaurant du Premier Ordre, lives, you know, in Dover Street and flies few flags to suggest that it is a restaurant. But once you're inside, you know that this is the true type of French eating-house that sends, say, the reporter for Le Club de Sans Club into ecstasies. Dark panelling, a frieze of memorable dead bottles, most of them signed on the labels with the headline names of the drinkers; cottage chairs, no crowd of tables, soft lighting and peace. A menu of French regional specialities at not too high a price considering. And a wine-list to match. All prices are lower than those of a few months ago. People are finding the Basque, and finding it very good indeed.

Le Bon Viveur

THE Marquis de Casa Maury is almost a charter member of the Bon Viveur Club. The other day, when my spies were around, he was with Gaston Raul de Massignac Nothman, and between them they put Davico on his mettle. It is a very fine mettle, and this was their menu: Anguille fumé, caille Souvaroff with pommes Georgette, haricots verts. Asparagus. Timbale Maison. They drank a claret and liqueur brandy. On the menu was written: "Un excellent déjeuner . . . bien balancé. Casa Maury."

Marquis de Casa Maury

A word about Davico's Souvaroff quails. First semi-cooked with a little butter, onions, carrots, celery and very little thyme and bay, salt and pepper, and then finish by placing the birds and some slices of foie gras and truffles into a cocotte. One or two complications here, but finally put in oven, covered, until it is "bake-coloured," which means that the quails are then ready, and when the pie is opened, at table, it is a dainty dish to set before a king, marquis, or you and me. I won't go into the loving details

of the pommes Georgette and Timbale Maison (wild strawberries and peaches, with Crème de Noiaux liqueur !), though Davico would tell you any time you asked him for the formulæ.

That shows you, anyway, of what the kitchens of the Bon Viveur are capable. You 'll be suitably amazed when you first go in, because everything is so bijou-sized. Twenty-five lunchers or diners seems a crowd, and there 'll be many others waiting in the exiguous cocktail bar even then. For those who know good food and good wines, this is a perfect little home-from-home. For those who don't, it 's a great place to learn.

Hatchett's

FEMININITY, in the shape of flowers and the lighter decorations, is halfway up the stairs at Hatchett's now, on the turn in the gradient outside that most masculine of bars. I wonder whether the next move will be to allow ladies in there, too.

It was right for my purposes, as it is right for Hatchett's, that youth and beauty in the person of Elizabeth Allan should have the lunch of herself and her friends recorded on this occasion. Boscasso met her and did the honours. They chose a table at the end of the room to the right at the bottom of the Piccadilly stairs. And they had cold curried prawns King Edward, suprême de volaille Grace Herbert, with asparagus tips and new potatoes as only Hatchett's prepares them, followed by Comise Pear Winter Sports, a luscious variation on the Pêche Melba theme that Boscasso will wish on to you if he gets a chance of choosing your sweet for you. I can't think that he ever gets a complaint as a result. He certainly didn't this time. To drink, the Bâtard Montrachet '33, coffee and brandy of the house from that enormous flagon on top of the liqueur trolley. That was a lunch.

Elizabeth Allan

I told you last time, I think, that sofa-seat settees had been put in at the tables round the walls recently. That banks of flowers decorate most of the available niches of the many-cornered room. You know that there is a sort of quick-lunch counter in Dover Street, and an American bar. If you know these things, you know Boscasso, too, and the food that he and his A.D.C.'s provide. The young and the fair came that day, and they are coming, and they will come.

Kempinski's

CHRISTOPHER STONE took Edward Holstius (whose book on Hollywood one remembers with some clarity) and his wife to dinner at Kempinski's last week, and this is what they had: herring filet en crème, bisque d'écrevisses, filet mignon Kempinski, crêpes Maison. With Nuits St. Georges '29 and brandy of the house to top up.

Christopher Stone wrote on the back of the menu: " With the advice of Mr. Ray (Albert), that rarity, an English maître d'hôtel of the highest taste, and with the excellent service of his staff, I was able to entertain my guests as if I really knew about good food and wine. My thanks and congratulations to Mr. Kempinski for the warm and convivial corner of London life that he has built round his own cosmopolitan personality." Charming words, and, as you and I who also know Kempinski's will vouch, well deserved. Though I believe that the inference that Christopher Stone *doesn't* know about good food and wine is quite false. Cicero was as modest about the art treasures of Verres.

Christopher Stone

Kempinski's, upstairs and down, remains itself without change, now that it has found popularity with its offerings. In the evenings the Savarin Room, Sundays, too, has " musical entertainment." Jean Melville and Fred Aspinall fool and sing at two pianos, the while you eat your late dinner or sit content over beer or brandy and cigars. In the Tavern downstairs Marjorie Dale and Castelly do something of the same sort.

The menu is vast and cosmopolitan, and I see they now have every Wednesday fresh boiled brisket of beef, and every Friday bouillabaisse with lobster, at 2/9 and 4/- respectively. It 's good to know somewhere you can get bouillabaisse for certain. It 's good to know Kempinski's, anyway.

La Coquille

M. PAGÉS is stubborn, and he is sticking to his rule of not having the names mentioned of the celebrities who come to his excellent restaurant in St. Martin's Lane. Considering the way they

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cluster at lunch-time in the street-level room (there are three big rooms, on three levels), his modesty is certainly nothing else. They come to find whether the name of the restaurant is justified by its food. Whether the food justifies the praises they have heard their friends give it. And whether a place that answers Yes to those questions is not a very good find in exactly that quarter of town. That is another Yes.

The real celebrities at La Coquille

You 're lucky if you find a table straight away at lunch-time after 1.10. Dinner-time is almost equally populous. Supper is likewise filling up, though it was only recently that Pagés decided that he would cater for the after-theatre people. There are a number of theatres more or less at his doors, and their patrons are increasingly grateful to Pagés now because they can go and have an omelette and a glass of wine without being "dressed," and still catch the last train home. Quick service, always. They work as a team, the Coquille staff, and praise of his service is almost sweeter to Pagés than praise of his food. The latter is what the name suggests. Sea-food, lobsters, scollops, everything in season. Vegetables are specially good and well cared for. Prices all round, wines included, are remarkably low. 5/- for any one meal will leave you hugely fed and happy.

The New Queen's

No less a person, and personality, than Yvonne Arnaud came down the stairs into the cool depths of the New Queen's Bierkeller for lunch a day or so back. She and two friends sat at a table in a corner to the left of the door. They ordered lobster cocktails and prawn cocktail. Holstein Schnitzel (a speciality of the house) and sauté of kidney; with new peas all round. And three vanilla creams in little jars. They drank cocktails, Moselle en carafe (another speciality), and coffee. They enjoyed their lunch.

Yvonne Arnaud

Its friends remain remarkably faithful to the Bierkeller. I don't know why I say "remarkably," as I don't mean it literally. There is nothing remarkable really in coming back to a place that has done you well in food and wine; a place that is cool in summer and warm in winter; a place where nice people come and behave nicely; a place from which you go with no quibble about the bill, which, as a matter of fact, generally looks small for the amount you 've had. They still, by the way, are running that "Eat-all-you-like-for-3/6" lunch, and even more than ever they are strengthening their list of small dishes for the ladies, salads, Scandinavian smörrebrods, and egg whatnots.

Women generally, and American women in particular, say nice things about the coffee. Susceptible women say and think nice things about Java, who plays soulfully as though for them alone, at lunch-time. Men are more numerous in the evenings at and after dinner, when one goes for savouries and beer till late, and the hum of conversation increases with the lateness. There is also that Cresta Bar on the street level, with little tables for quick meals in a small way. An extensive, cheerful, satisfying place on every count.

Mount Royal

Besides hotel/apartment/living accommodation, for which only you may know it, Mount Royal offers very attractive restaurant service to residents and incomers alike. Lupino Lane was an incomer on this occasion, and he brought his wife. The management were told he was coming, and the kitchens and cellars were at the ready to do justice to his fame.

Lupino Lane

On the back of a menu he wrote some of his impressions. "This is a most intriguing (can't spell it) (sic) place. But I have disappointed the waiter. I asked for beer. Marvellous! I 'm going to have 'Tiddlers' (whitebait), my favourite dish! . . . A lover of butter, I find my own little dish of it in front of me. . . . Service perfect. I don't like the look of myself in the mirror. It 's peach colour. Irish stew. With the right amount of parsley! Although on a diet, I had to eat the potatoes. They were luscious! . . . Too full for words. . . . Oi should say so!"

And much else in the same enthusiastic vein. It was very late when Mr. and Mrs. Lane went out again into Oxford Street, and I think they enjoyed themselves almost as much as Mount Royal enjoyed their being there.

Such praise is not an exception. And other head-liners have found in the Mount Royal restaurant a quick, efficient, and delightful place for a meal. Remember it when you are that way again. It seems to be open and welcoming all the time. There is a snack-bar where handsome men and lovely girls have their Welsh rarebits and salads. And the kitchens and cellars cater for the happy "tiddlers" and beer man, as well as the Chateaubrian and Bordeaux. Both are well content, at very modest prices.

Café de l'Europe

To this thronged and populous rendezvous for lunch came Mr. Meek, or Mr. Penny, or Mr. Pim, or whatever is your name for Richard Goolden, most delightful radio and stage portrayer of the type of Strube's Little Man. In at the big swing doors, and to a table a bit away from the stage centre, where he and his companion could watch the other, more extrovert three-quarters of humanity.

Richard Goolden

They lunched modestly from the choices of the day on that good 2/6 meal that includes hors d'œuvre and sweets from laden trolleys. Goolden had a steak from the grill, his companion a cutlet. They drank light sherry, lager, gin and tonic. They were well looked after and mightily welcome.

Quite a number of celebrities come in to the Café de l'Europe quietly for meals at all hours of the day. Stage people who lunch at curious hours, or have to fit in fair meals between two houses, find the 12 to 12 permanent cuisine here a good stand-by. There are not many places where you could get a mixed grill at tea-time without causing the waiter to bat an eyelash.

There are set lunches, but dinner is always by the card. In crisis times it is good to hear that their champagne by the glass has suddenly become a popular call. Two special dishes that a number of their friends are coming in for again and again are the Sole Maison, cooked in butter, with asparagus tips and mushrooms at 2/3, and the fried chicken, to order, also cooked in butter with croquette potatoes. This is 3/-.

For informals there is a snack-bar. For tea-time there are excellent teas. But you should remember it particularly for before and after the movies. In Leicester Square that appeal is obvious.

The Shepherd's Tavern

Frances Day

Frances Day generally likes to have her lunch at four in the afternoon. She also has a fondness for "pubs." On a day that she had to lunch a little earlier, she went with a friend to the Shepherd's Tavern, which answers her demand for a "pub" about as well as any in the West End. Shepherd's is a "pub," and has been for centuries, on the same site, though with a different name when it started. (It was then surrounded by fields.)

Through the downstairs bar-parlour they went upstairs to the dining-room, passing on their way some of the loveliest period panelling that you see these days. The cooking cannot be said to be pub-standard, luckily. It is extremely good, and offers permutations and choices that make it into a little restaurant on its own.

Frances Day had Irish stew, which she loves, and which was the dish of the day, too. They have it on the card once a week, and their daily specials are something more than just any old dish made ready in larger quantities. It says a lot for the generosity of the plate-filling that this was all that Miss Day had except for coffee with cream.

You know where Shepherd's Tavern is? Just off Curzon Street, and behind the cinema. Well worth knowing for its drinks alone. Honest beer or cocktails as you like. But do go upstairs one day for lunch or dinner, or for dinner only on Sundays, and see if you don't agree with me about the cooking. Myself I like the way they do vegetables particularly. The prices are high simply by "pub" standards, but they 're not high when you see what you get. Mr. Tomsett is the manager.

Edax.

At the Ritz and the Carlton

Lady Bartlett and the Hon. Mrs. Pat. Balfour at the Ritz.

Lunching at the Ritz Hotel the other day I saw these very chic members of the 'young married set' chatting gaily over glasses of plain Martini Vermouth. They told me lots of interesting points about the excellent health effects of drinking Vermouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares at the Carlton Grill.

They are enjoying plain Martini Vermouth, their favourite meal-time drink. Aptly situated immediately behind their table is the Regency panel depicting Mrs. Siddons as Elvira, at Drury Lane Theatre. An apt drink, too, for an actor whose strenuous parts demand buoyant health.

MV 28

"In a glass by itself"—that is *the* drink in 1939, when people are becoming more and more health-conscious! You see, the aromatic herbs which give to Martini Vermouth its unique bouquet and flavour are one of nature's greatest contributions to health. I am told that they tone up the stomach and digestive organs, thus ensuring perfect assimilation of food which keeps the figure youthful and slim. So—next time, say "a plain Martini Vermouth, please!"

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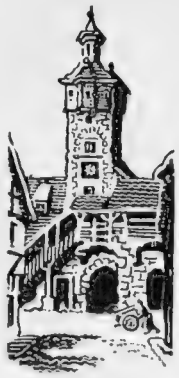

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Over this year—
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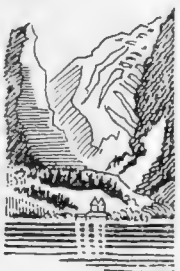

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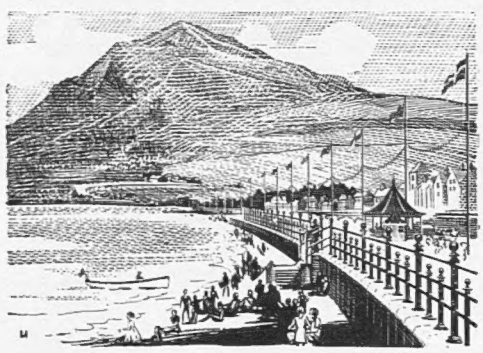

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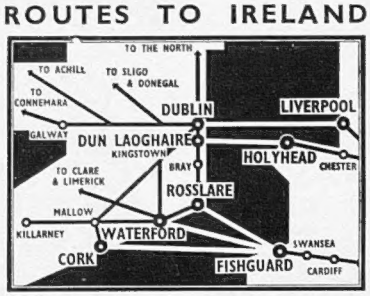

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